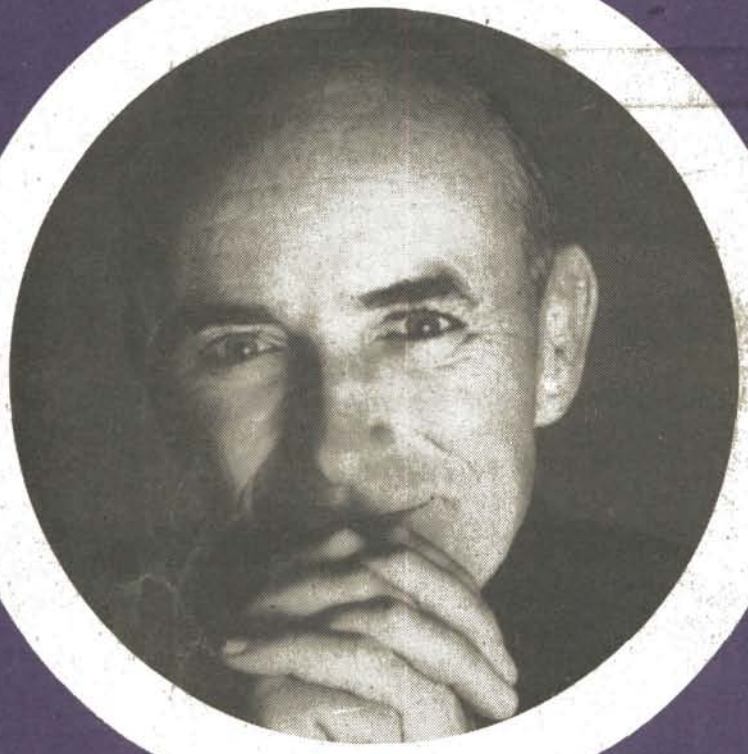
St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

$1.50 July 17, 1987

COMMONWEAL



Mary Zeiss Stange
Little shop of horrors

Women in the fiction of Andrew Greeley

Laity & the life of faith
ROSEMARIE BRICKLEY

Barbie's silence, the c
KATHLEEN McCAFFREY

Baby M goes to market
MICHAEL NOVAK

8712 007997BN
ST CHARLES SEM LIB
CARTHAGENA STA
CELINA OH 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Testing positive

Atlanta, Ga.

To the Editors: Mr. Carlin is right that the gay community is concerned about the fact that so-called public health steps will disproportionately affect gay people ["Not By Condoms Alone," March 13]. As a lawyer representing gay persons with AIDS, I share this concern. The simple knowledge that an employee has tested positive to one of the AIDS blood tests — regardless of whether that person has been diagnosed as having AIDS — can and often does lead to his immediate discharge. In America, being without a job means more than simply not being able to support yourself; it means no health insurance. To a person with AIDS there is nothing more important than having the assurance of continued health care insurance. Time after time I have seen gay men fired from their jobs with no prospect for employment and no hope of health care insurance.

It is difficult to chronicle accurately and graphically the hardship that is visited upon gay people who have tested "positive" to the AIDS blood test. *Commonweal*'s readers should understand, however, that Mr. Carlin's suggestion of widespread, semi-compulsory blood testing is not without real and serious consequences in the lives of their sons, brothers, fathers, uncles, and friends who just also happen to be gay. Moreover, in light of the fact that there is no cure for AIDS and that education is presently the best defense against the spread of the disease, a costs/benefits analysis does not argue well in favor of Mr. Carlin's recommendation.

Mr. Carlin may be dismayed to learn that the AIDS epidemic gives rise to strong arguments in favor of "gay rights" — a subject too involved for this letter. Regardless of his opinions on the topic of gay rights, however, I sincerely hope that Mr. Carlin discovers that his objective of promoting public health by widespread, semi-compulsory AIDS testing will not be furthered by the slanderous and homophobic accusations which fan the flames out of mistrust of the straight establishment (already rampant in the gay community). Progress in combatting AIDS will require the cooperation of the gay community, a cooperation which can not be obtained by legal fiat anymore than sodomy can be criminalized out of existence.

While there may come a time when widespread AIDS testing will be defensible, that time is not yet upon us. In the meantime, public health will best be served by widespread, compulsory education and consciousness-raising.

WILLIAM A. BROWN

Oh, pioneers

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: I read Carl Mitcham's fine survey of the engineering profession and its ethical concerns ["Schools for Whistle Blowers," April 10], wondering whether it would be helpful for the course I teach on such issues.

Here at Jesuit University of Detroit our course, "Technology, Society, and Human Beings," concentrates on specifically ethical issues: the case of the German VDI engineering society supporting Hitler; historical tensions between engineering societies as independently professional vs. dependent on corporate employers; whistle-blowing as an ethical demand for the profession; the putative relationship between Western Christianity and a "rape-the-earth" engineering ideology; etc.,

Imagine my — mild, but real — irritation when I read the following: "So far these [programs in ethics for engineers] have remained voluntary projects — and not, it should be noted, projects for which engineering schools in Catholic universities are taking any real initiative."

We like to think that we have pioneered an excellent program for addressing precisely the issues Dr. Mitcham discusses. The course is *not* voluntary. All freshmen engineers are required to take it, and we consider it a key part of the curriculum.

DR. JOHN M. STAUDENMAIER, S.J.

Morality of deterrence

New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: I very much liked your "Is Deterrence Moral?" editorial [May 8]: a breath of courage and clarity.

BRUCE M. RUSSETT

Mere rationalization

Northampton, Mass.

To the Editors: Your lead editorial, "Is Deterrence Moral?" [May 8] is an important piece which will elicit many thoughtful responses. Let the debate continue. Yet, despite its vaguely populist and intellectually rigorous style, it is essentially a nuanced rationalization for the nuclear status quo, strangely unwilling to engage those who reject nuclear deterrence as the cornerstone of U.S. "national security" (whatever that is).

The piece is laced with the rhetoric of responsibility, sometimes suggesting the Catholic peace pastoral of 1983: "Faced with a moment like the present, we are forced back to basics in moral as well as strategic terms." And yet while the

(Continued on page 428)

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and on Microfiche from Bell & Howell, Wooster, Ohio 44691. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Copyright © 1987 Commonweal Foundation.

Illustrations: Cover photo, Frances Scavullo, Warner Books; pp 406, 409, 411, 415, 416, Paul Valerry; p. 418, Rita Corbin; Cover 4, De Sales Award drawing, Virginia Broderick, from *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (Thomas Nelson, Inc., 1976).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMONWEAL

CONTENTS

Volume CXIV, Number 13

Correspondence	402
Editorials	403
Buying and selling babies: *Michael Novak*	406
Orphaned and lost: *Abigail McCarthy*	407
Cultural 'keep-away': *David R. Carlin, Jr.*	408
God isn't finished with me yet: *Rosemarie Brickley*	410
Little shop of horrors: *Mary Zeiss Stange*	412
Breaking the silence: *Kathleen McCaffrey*	418
Screen: *Tom O'Brien*	420
Verse: *Marie Ponsot*	421

BOOKS

The Closing of the American Mind: *Dennis O'Brien*	422
Women's Ways of Knowing/Surviving Sexual Contradictions: *Jo-Ann Mort*	423
Peace in a Nuclear Age: *Edward Doherty*	425
Communion: *Michael Zeik*	426
Meditation in Motion: *Edward S. Skillin*	428
Iron & Silk: *Karen Sue Smith*	428

STAFF

Editor: Peter Steinfels
Assistant Editors: David Toolan, Karen Sue Smith, Patrick Jordan
Production Editor: Anne Robertson
Poetry: Rosemary Deen
Movies: Tom O'Brien
Columnists: John Garvey, J. Bryan Hehir, Abigail McCarthy, David R. Carlin, Jr.
Staff: Karen F. Silva, Harriette Balsky, Janice Gates
Advertising Manager: Ruth E. Taylor
Publisher: Edward S. Skillin

Commonweal, [ISSN 0010-3330] A Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas-New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Foundation, 15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038. Telephone: (212) 732-0800. Single copy, $1.50. Yearly subscriptions, U.S., $28; Canada, $30; foreign, $33. Special two-year rate: U.S., $49; Canada, $53; foreign, $59. All Canadian and foreign subscriptions must be paid in U.S. dollars by International Money Order or by check on a U.S. bank. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Commonweal, 15 Dutch St. New York, N.Y. 10038.

Testing for AIDS

The announcement in June of President Reagan's sketchy battle plan against AIDS was slow in coming and disappointing upon arrival. Its major shortcoming is less in what the program proposes than in what it fails to do. Namely, to initiate an effective strategy to halt, or at least retard, the spread of the AIDS retrovirus.

So far, the search for such a strategy has been blocked by a battle between two camps, each representing a generalized attitude toward AIDS, sexuality, and social change. One camp — call them the Get-Toughers — demands that the public be protected from a threatening epidemic by a quick resort to mandatory measures. Theirs is a "declare war" mentality that believes the innocent side can easily be separated from the "aggressors" — not just the disease itself but those who carry it or those whose mores or behavior facilitate AIDS' spread. Opposing them are the Technological Fixers, those who, out of faith in science or fear of curtailing personal liberties, seek remedies that will be as "value-free" as possible and rest on nothing more than each individual's enlightened self-interest. Fortunately, there are the makings of a sizable third camp. It believes that AIDS demands aggressive and massive measures but not necessarily mandatory ones, precisely because making them mandatory may defeat their objective. It holds AIDS to constitute a crisis requiring outspoken educational efforts — but efforts that are willing to be as direct and outspoken about questions like early or promiscuous sexual behavior as about condoms. It wants to protect the public from a new and deadly threat, but it refuses to stigmatize AIDS sufferers in the process, both out of basic decency and because stigmatization will work against the public's protection in the long run. We think the third camp is right. Neither "getting tough" nor relying on technology and enlightened self-interest is a sufficient answer. AIDS requires hard-hitting programs that are, however, carefully targeted and not wasteful or counterproductive. The administration's weak mix, by contrast, should have been booed not by gay-libbers as much as by everyone alarmed about the spread of the disease.

The issue most vigorously debated before and after the president's proposal has been testing, particularly the mandatory testing of several specific groups. Testing of immigrants and federal prisoners has already begun, and the military has been tested for some time. The direction taken by federal policy on testing is crucial. It will influence states and localities and help form public attitudes. What is more, in this race against disease, not only time, but also the careful placement of resources are of the essence. Obviously there are some basic questions that need to be addressed.

Why should people be tested for the AIDS antibody? Clearly not because there is any cure to offer those who test positive. So far, there is no vaccine to protect anyone against contracting the virus. There is no treatment for virus carriers that will lessen the infective potency of the virus they are able to transmit. Nor is there any reliable way to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reduce the chances that the virus will later develop into ARC (AIDS-Related Complex) or AIDS itself. It is true that once medical remedies have been found, virus carriers who have been identified through testing programs could be reached for treatment. This, however, is not a major reason for testing.

The primary reason for testing is to reduce the spread of the virus. Testing provides essential information which, along with solid and sympathetic counseling, could motivate a change in behavior. A confirmed positive test for the AIDS antibody means that the carrier runs a strong likelihood of developing AIDS within five or ten years. It also means that one is able, indefinitely, to infect others. Therefore, the object of testing is to identify carriers, to counsel them about their own condition, and to educate them about modifying their behavior so as to reduce the risk of spreading the virus. The hope is that most people who receive such testing and counseling will indeed change their behavior in responsible ways.

For individuals who would willfully spread the virus, criminal sanctions are already being formulated in legislatures, and, as cases reach the courts, existing law is being applied as well.

Other reasons to test for the AIDS antibody have been argued but not convincingly. For example, in an effort to promote universal or broad-based testing, claims have been made that testing would provide an educational opportunity par excellence; that it would identify carriers who could then be isolated or quarantined on behalf of the larger society; that it would provide epidemiological data needed to trace the spread and extent of the epidemic. But each of these claims falters. As an educational tool, testing low-risk groups is not only expensive, it could even backfire by giving false assurances. Negative test results may only mean that the antibodies which form in reaction to the virus have not yet had time to develop. And a negative test is only as good as one's last sexual partner or needle swapper. Notions of isolating or quarantining the estimated 1.5 to 2 million carriers of the AIDS virus — for life, or until a cure is found — are totally unrealistic, not to mention inhumane and totalitarian. Epidemiological data should be gathered through a scientific sampling of the entire population. The administration has announced that, beginning in 1988, a random sampling of 45,000 Americans will be conducted, using a yet to be disclosed anonymous and voluntary procedure.

Next question: *Who should be tested as a matter of policy?* If the goal of testing is to reduce the spread of the AIDS virus, testing should be geared toward the highest-risk groups: over 90 percent of AIDS virus carriers are to be found among gay and bisexual men, intravenous drug users of both sexes (who are disproportionately black and Hispanic), the sexual partners of intravenous drug users (particularly teenage black and Hispanic girls, a group, incidentally, which has the nation's highest fertility rate and is likely to produce AIDS-stricken infants), prostitutes of both sexes, and persons who have other sexually transmitted diseases.

Astonishingly, President Reagan's battle plan includes only one of these high-risk groups: persons seeking treatment at sexually transmitted disease centers. Over one hundred thousand drug addicts are thought to be infected right now in New York City alone. Mr. Reagan's proposal contains no provision for testing them or the other groups most at risk. Over 60 percent of the AIDS cases reported in the U.S. are composed of gay and bisexual men. Mr. Reagan focuses instead on immigrants, federal prisoners, and patients in Veterans' Administration hospitals. Why? Because each of these populations is clearly under federal jurisdiction, and mechanisms are already in place to facilitate blood tests. The president's policy resembles the inebriated gentleman in an ancient joke; he searches for a lost key not by the door where he dropped it but by the lamp post "because that's where the light is."

Furthermore, each of Mr. Reagan's groups poses its own special problems. As for the president's proposed testing of applicants for marriage licenses, while the danger of infecting offspring is real and testing for couples should be encouraged, as a group engaged couples are at very low risk. Here, the president's vague statement encourages a trend: nine states already have mandatory marriage license testing laws in force, and thirty-two others are considering such legislation.

It is not hard to see how the president got himself in this mess. Politically he was responding to the Get Toughers' demand that the nation *do something* — where something means a muscular display of government power. Unfortunately, the handiest places in which to make that display are largely irrelevant. Once again, being tough-minded verges on being soft-headed. The administration has stumbled on the next question —

Should testing be mandatory or voluntary? For blood, sperm, and organ donors, a mandatory blood test for the AIDS virus is essential, a fact which has been obvious enough to transcend controversy. These donors aside, the debate about mandatory testing rages on. Yet the very fact that Mr. Reagan's proposal highlighted essentially captive populations exposes the flaw in the notion. It is simply not apt to succeed.

Why have so many public health professionals, including Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, warned that mandatory testing is likely to be counterproductive? They know how many individuals among the high-risk groups fear that a positive virus test or the onset of ARC or AIDS, if known, could result in discrimination against them: from social ostracism to the loss of their jobs, homes, or health insurance. Even anti-discriminatory legislation may not bring protection when, like a recent case concerning job discrimination, the court's proceedings outlast the life of the AIDS patient. Without sufficient protection — confidentiality in testing and treatment, and anti-discrimination laws — even voluntary testing may be avoided by those most at risk.

Mandatory testing, which means, of course, regular mandatory *retesting* for those who test negative, magnifies the problem. It is not likely to be anonymous. (Already there are counterproductive laws on the books, including the nine states which

In keeping with *Commonweal*'s usual summer schedule, only one issue is published each month during July and August. The next issue published will be dated August 14.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

require that the names of all people who test positive for the AIDS virus be reported to health authorities.) If testing is made a condition for access to facilities like methadone clinics or sexually transmitted disease clinics, then individuals may simply not avail themselves of those services, with negative consequences for society as well as for the individuals. When there is evidence that mandatory measures might work better than voluntary ones, then the knottiest issues of civil liberties might have to broached. Meantime, common sense and sheer pragmatism argue for creating a climate favoring vigorous, precisely targeted campaigns for voluntary testing among high-risk groups. Necessary ingredients would be strong anti-discrimination laws with tough penalties for employers, landlords, and insurance companies who fail to comply. Anonymous testing, where a number is used instead of a name, is possible and sensible, given that it provides a crucial measure of confidentiality.

In sum, the White House proposal on testing misses the mark. An adequate policy proposal would have included: (1) a commitment to the education and voluntary testing/counseling of high-risk groups; (2) an appropriation of funds toward this end, realizing that the groups most at risk are often the most difficult to reach; (3) a strategy (or the appointment of a commission able to design such a strategy) tailored to reach members of the highest-risk groups. For example, drug addicts and their sexual partners, people who may not speak English, may be school dropouts, illiterate, and not affiliated with organizations and institutions, in short, unreachable by the print media and other standard communications techniques appropriate to the general public. Once funds and programs have been directed toward these groups, then, if finances permit, a solid and comprehensive program of education and testing could be designed for the public at large, perhaps allaying the anxieties that, on the basis of media attention alone, have led large numbers of low-risk individuals, including single women, to pack testing centers. But first things first.

AIDS is apt to be an issue in the coming election campaign. In principle, that isn't bad; politics is how we should get a fix on society's pressing issues. In practice, well, watch out! Remember last year's great war against drug abuse. Which presidential candidates will lead in rejecting such a superficial approach to so serious a public concern?

SEEING WALDHEIM

The dismay that had been touched off by the announcement of Austrian President Kurt Waldheim's visit to the Vatican last month was not relieved by the actual event. Pope John Paul II praised Mr. Waldheim for his contributions to peace, but made no response whatsoever to the Austrian's war-time activity with the Nazis. Waldheim's response was one of glowing satisfaction: "I appreciate the full significance and high value of this encounter." Rome maintained a sense of impenetrability throughout. "The pope is convinced that you either understand events at a moral level or you don't understand them at all," a senior Vatican official told the *New York Times* following the visit. "He [the pope] does not care if that leaves politicians and diplomats feeling uncomfortable, because the moral always supersedes the political."

That sentiment is noble, if not entirely unique. (Elie Wiesel said as much to President Reagan at the White House prior to the Bitburg visit, with little effect.) But in this case the sentiment was not only undermined by the application, it was — in the reality — stood on its head. For it was neither politicians nor diplomats who were made uncomfortable and unwelcomed at the Vatican, and clearly not Mr. Waldheim himself. Those told to be quiet were precisely those who sought to raise the painful moral questions the Vatican official proudly thought he was espousing. On June 25, there was not moral clarity at the Vatican but only the gray haze of diplomatic smoke.

Christianity, like Judaism, is not a religion of forgetfulness. Christians daily recall the creation, the fall, and the words of institution: "Do this in memory of me." There is in Christianity the glory of the saints. But there are also catastrophic failures: the intolerance; the abandonment of compassion; the fratricidal wars. Even forty years after the Holocaust, Christians have yet to come to terms with anti-Semitism. That is why ours must continue to be a religion of remembrance and habitual self-reflection. "And you shall confess your sins and those of your fathers," says Leviticus. We are a people whose life and being are rooted in more than the present. When necessary, we have a duty not simply to remember but to make recompense.

Such active reflection clearly differs from the habitual patterns of obfuscation we have come to identify with Mr. Waldheim. Waldheim has not only lied about his past, but has spent decades repackaging it. But the past will not die. It has been discovered, in forgotten documents of the very world body Waldheim served, that in 1948 the UN Commission on War Crimes listed him as wanted for murder and the taking of hostages. It is a sordid past, and Waldheim has only recently admitted some mistakes, mostly in calculating what to hide rather than in what he did.

When Alfred Werner was dragged through the streets of Vienna in 1938 by the Gestapo there were 185,000 Jews in Austria. He recalled seeing at the time a memorial tablet in medieval Latin which commemorated an earlier expulsion of the "Hebrew dogs." Austria was often referred to as *Eretz hadomim*, "the land of blood," in Jewish chronicles in the late Middle Ages. By 1945 there was much more blood and only 3,000 surviving Austrian Jews.

It is reported that it was not only the importuning of Mr. Waldheim but of the Austrian bishops that pressured the pope to receive Waldheim. It is that same hierarchy and Waldheim who will welcome the pope to Austria next year. (That is, unless a government commission, recently established to investigate the president's war-time record, has decided against him, and Waldheim abandons his post.) But if the pope's coming visit is to be a reckoning of the Gospel rather than a diplomatic quid pro quo, it must come to terms with the questions the Vatican visit raised loud and clear. Now is the time to begin that needed soul

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

searching. It must be undertaken not only in Austria, but in the entire universal church.

On the eve of the Waldheim reception at the Vatican, Lyon's Cardinal Decourtray (cf. p. 418) made a point of visiting the city's Holocaust museum, set up during the just-completed Barbie trial, and of visiting the synagogue of Lyon. It was a telling gesture, and one that deserves to be emulated. When the Grand Rabbi expressed his pain over the Waldheim visit, Cardinal Decourtray responded immediately: "This event is painful to me as well. I ask myself what might have been the motives leading to the decision. In all frankness, I do not know."

ANOTHER LOOK AT 'BABY M.'

BUYING & SELLING BABIES

LIMITATIONS ON THE MARKETPLACE

Many of us would have thought that it is against American law to buy or sell human beings — something beneath the dignity of human beings.

Many of us would have thought that moral relativism would go so far in our society, and that in the end some things would be universally seen to be simply and absolutely wrong. The discussion around Baby M., therefore, gave us all a rude jolt.

Begin with the terms of the contract, which skillful lawyers carefully explained in advance to the mother of Baby M., Mary Beth Whitehead. First of all, the "charitable agency" that arranged this contract received $7,500 up front, nonrefundable. Next, Mrs. Whitehead was presented with the following six-point offer: (1) all risks belonged to her; if anything went wrong with her or the baby during the pregnancy, she was to receive *nothing*; (2)in case of miscarriage, she was to receive *nothing*; (3) between the sixteenth and twentieth week, her baby would have to be tested for "physiological abnormalities"; at this point, (4) if "physiological abnormalities" were discovered, she would be obliged "upon demand of William Stern" to have an abortion; (5) if the abortion were demanded by William Stern, William Stern would pay her a big-hearted $1,000; and (6) with the delivery and surrender of a healthy baby for possession by the Sterns, Mrs. Whitehead would receive — at the point of sale — $10,000.

To me, it is almost inconceivable that the courts could decide such a case merely on the strength of existing contract law. Is not such a contract immoral on its face? Is it any more than trafficking in human life, as slavery was? If a slave woman brought forth a baby, could it not have also been bought? Was such a contract not considered, even long ago, morally repugnant?

Actually, the contract for Baby M. was worse than a contract for a slave. For it was carried through by a series of understandable but grotesque deceptions. These deceptions are understandable because they are so widespread in contemporary consciousness. One sympathizes with the Sterns and the Whiteheads and others who participated. But one is under no necessity to accept the ways in which they deceived themselves about human reality and the human heart. May they all live happily ever after, even as the rest of us draw lessons from the deceptions so clearly dramatized before our eyes.

The first deception was that of Mr. and Mrs. Stern. Mrs. Stern, according to at least one source, wanted a baby but faced a medical risk in bearing it, while Mr. Stern wanted a baby of *his own* even apart from the woman to whom he was married. Is it not a deception to believe you can become parents by purchase? Such surrogacy is banned by law in the U.K., for fear of just such monetary exploitation.

The second deception was that of a Manhattan clinical psychologist who testified before the New Jersey Court: "In both structural and functional terms, Mr. and Mrs. Stern's role as parents to Baby M. was achieved by a surrogate uterus and not a surrogate mother." This is absurd. Take the uterus out of Mrs. Whitehead if you think it will structurally and functionally achieve a baby without her. To separate Mrs. Whitehead's *uterus* from her *self* merely by verbal agility is an outrage, not only to common sense but to the dignity of Mrs. Whitehead. It is a scholastic deception to think that a human child is produced by a uterus alone, not by a human person.

The third deception was to argue that Mrs. Whitehead was less worthy to be the mother than Mrs. Stern, whether on financial or on psychological grounds. No babies in history have chosen their parents. If Mrs. Whitehead is a threat to Baby M., why were her other two children not also taken away from her by the courts? If she was not a threat, then the only distinction between Baby M. and her two siblings appears to be that she was bought, while the other two were not.

"But Mrs. Whitehead signed a contract," some may claim. That is to beg the point. Can *any* contract to buy or to sell a human being be valid?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a deception for Mr. Stern to insert the clause on abortion, while later saying he would value the human dignity of his new child. Had she been "physiologically abnormal" at five months, he would have had her killed. He said so in the contract.

It was a deception for some spokespersons to say that compassion for the desire of the Sterns to have their own baby (*his* own baby, not *hers*) entitled them to buy one. There are hundreds of thousands of babies to adopt, although admittedly not enough for all who would adopt them.

Solely for the contracts involved, not counting legal fees, the Sterns paid $17,500. So it is a further, broadly held deception in this society that babies are *unwanted*. Babies are desperately wanted in this society.

Perhaps, you will say, the Sterns should have persuaded a woman they knew who wished to have an abortion to have that child for them. They might even have offered to pay her expenses. Genetically, true enough, the child would not have been Mr. Stern's. (But Mr. Whitehead, though Baby M. was not *his*, fell in love with the infant the moment he saw her in his wife's arms.) And some might say that the offer to pay a woman's expenses for not having an abortion, and, instead, carrying the baby to term, would have been *like* paying Mrs. Whitehead. On the contrary, it might have been seen as paying a ransom to redeem an infant hostaged to death.

At birth, of course, that mother, too — like Mrs. Whitehead — might have decided that the precious infant, no longer an abstraction on a legal pad, once it nestles at her breast, could *not* be given up. So it is that humanity breaks through the paper on which legal contracts purporting to bind human lives are written.

As readers of *Commonweal* must know by now, I am in favor of free economies and markets, constrained by law (the political system) and by moral judgment (the moral-cultural system). This very conception, however, this *novus ordo seclorum*, shows that the market is a mechanism designed to function only within limits. As I believe in limited government, so I believe in limited markets. It is simply not the case that everything is permitted or that everything has a price. Among the priceless things of our experience are human infants. Certainly our own, but not only our own.

Based upon concepts fundamental to our political economy — based upon inalienable rights endowed in persons by their Creator — the law ought to discourage such surrogate parenting, except in certain rare cases. (There may be exceptional circumstances, more or less intra-familial, in which such surrogacy makes human sense.) In any case, the right of the natural mother to change her mind and to keep the child, as she would in adoption proceedings, must be protected.

We are coming to see that the long-devalued concept "natural," difficult as it is to define, perennially makes its legitimacy felt. There are three reasons for this. First, the entire human race is more and more being seen as interdependent and subject to one single standard of respect for human rights. Second, new scientific knowledge and technical skills offer so many possibilities that, more and more, the impulse to establish the limits that define who we are — our self-appropriated nature — is becoming a self-conscious imperative. Third, our attempts to live by a merely emotive ethic, more or less make-it-yourself, have led to so many disasters that the limits of experimentation are becoming more clearly and more publicly defined, by a growing consensus. The "laws of nature and of nature's God" slowly make themselves known to us through experience and misadventure; thus does nature instruct us in history.

As the state is limited, as markets are limited, so also, it seems, the natural law governing human happiness is less and less obscure; its outlines are emerging from the mist. In a fog, as Chesterton once wrote, to recognize the edges of the cliff is liberty, and vagueness is tyranny. MICHAEL NOVAK

Michael Novak holds the George Frederick Jewett Chair in Religion and Public Policy at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C. His recent book, Will It Liberate?: Questions about Liberation, *was reviewed in the March 27, 1987* Commonweal.

OF SEVERAL MINDS Abigail McCarthy

ORPHANED AND LOST

A COUNTRY BUILT AND PEOPLED BY THE POOR

As anyone at the National Archives will tell you, the researching of family history has become a popular national pastime. Stimulated perhaps by our recent bicentennial and centennial celebrations (of the Declaration, the Treaty of Paris, the Statue of Liberty, and, currently, the Constitution), Americans are intent on finding out where they fit into the history of the United States. Often what turns up is a surprising and sometimes a disturbing illumination of little known aspects of that history.

A friend of mine, for example, found that most of one of her ancestral families — a white family living in Rutherford County, North Carolina in 1790 — had apparently disappeared without a trace. In 1792 — two years after the signing of the Constitution — the children of John DeFreece, deceased, were bound over — that is, the rights to their labor were literally sold — to various members of the community. Rebekah, aged eight, was bound over to Charles Weaks, evidently as a maid servant because she was to attain her freedom at the age of eighteen having learned "the art and mistery of a spinster." Joseph, aged six, went to weaver Daniel Maddan to work learning "the art and mistery" of weaving until he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was entitled to freedom at twenty-one. Three-year-old John went to farmer Samuel Read to learn to be a farmer. What happened to daughters Anne and Judah is not clear. Perhaps they were already married off at then-not-unusual ages of twelve or fourteen to colonists needing the free labor of wives.

None of these children appear in records again except for little John. In 1802, when he was probably thirteen years old, the remainder of his time (the time of "bound boy John DeFrice") was willed by Samuel Reed to his wife Sarah with the direction that his daughter Rachel was to pay half of John's freedom dues when he was free. [N.B., the record-keepers were notoriously given to approximate and alternative spellings — DeFreece or DeFrice, Reed or Read.] After that the DeFreece children vanish from marriage records, burial records, property records. What became of them?

Our celebration of the bicentennial of the framing of the Constitution and of the long, hot summer spent by its brilliant architects in negotiation in Philadelphia has been more scholarly than jubilatory. There has been emphasis on what the document which made us a nation actually did and on how much it left undone: emphasis, too, on the conservative framers' veneration of property, their limited concept of freedom, and their practical compromises.

Inevitably, in the wake of the civil rights and the women's movements, much has been made of the fact that the rights guaranteed by the Constitution were not universal. Women and slaves appear in the Constitution but only as a basis for population figures. When it came to establishing a population basis for representation in the House of Representatives women counted as full persons but only for the purpose of electing men. It was never envisioned that they would have any choice in the election. (Somehow the state of New Jersey got things wrong and allowed them the vote for a few years, but that error was soon corrected!) In order to give the Southern states more equal representation slaves were counted as three-fifths persons.

Little has been said, however, of the bonded, a third group of Americans also counted but left without a voice. Our elementary and high school history books made no mention of the fact that *half* or more of the inhabitants of the thirteen colonies were white indentured servants — men, women, and children who could be bought, sold, rented out, or left as inheritances. Some recent studies estimate that *a good many more than half* of all persons who went to the colonies south of New England were servants in bondage to planters, farmers, speculators, and proprietors. The latter were desperate for labor in the sparsely settled new country.

England had large masses of the permanently unemployed living in unspeakable slums; Germany and the lowlands had an impoverished peasantry and small urban property-owners yearning for a better life. Sometimes they came freely, agreeing to a terminable period of servitude in exchange for their passage; sometimes they were recruited, wooed and gulled by false promises; sometimes they were literally kidnapped. Agents, according to Richard Hofstadter in *America at 1750*, "were known to lure children with sweets, to seize on the weak and gin-sodden, and to bedazzle the credulous . . . by fabulous promises. Often their victims were taken roughly in hand, and, pending departure, held in imprisonment either on shipboard or in low-grade hostels or brothels."

Nominally free but poor colonists fallen on hard times often had to indenture themselves and their children. Orphans like the DeFreeces were indentured as a matter of course. Child labor also was taken as a matter of course. The conditions of the labor were for the most part appalling from our modern point of view. According to Hofstadter, "The chief temptation to the master was to drive the servant beyond his powers in the effort to get as much as possible out of him during limited years of service. The chief risk was that the servant might die early in service. . . ." Was this what happened to the young DeFreeces?

We know of the DeFreeces only because the eldest boy George was not indentured and made his way to the Tennessee frontier. It is estimated that only two out of ten who, like his siblings, lived in such white servitude or came from such families, reached positions of moderate comfort. The others died, returned to Europe somehow, or drifted off to become the "poor whites" of legend. This sad fact is another facet of the history we should not forget — we are a country built and peopled by the poor.

OF SEVERAL MINDS David R. Carlin, Jr.

CULTURAL 'KEEP-AWAY'

THE TRICKLE-DOWN THEORY OF GREAT IDEAS

In the June 22 issue of *The New Republic*, Louis Menand, writing in the "Washington Diarist" space, undertakes a putdown of E.D. Hirsch's book, *Cultural Literacy: What Every American Needs to Know* (Houghton Mifflin, $16.95, 251 pp.). That's the recently published volume, you remember, that contains a list of about 5,000 words and phrases that we all ought to be embarrassed not to know.

Menand dubs this a "Great Words theory," and he complains that the trouble with it is that "it leads inexorably onward to the Great Books theory." And the trouble with a Great Books theory is that it "in turn runs into the notion that there are certain ideas everyone ought to have." Menand doesn't bother to tell us what's wrong with a Great Ideas theory; apparently he regards it as self-evidently absurd.

I don't know how Menand spends his day, but I'll bet he knows a lot of people who manage to be bright, competent, and public-spirited even when somewhat deficient in their knowledge of Herodotus, Dante, and Kant. Acquaintance with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"uncultured" folks of this sort is apt to persuade one that the world can get on quite well without Great Words, Great Books, and Great Ideas.

But follow me into the trenches, where I earn my living trying to teach sociology to students between the ages of eighteen and twenty. I could relate scores of pertinent anecdotes, but let one do for now.

Not long ago, in the midst of a lecture, it occurred to me I could illustrate a point I was driving at by alluding to a certain poem. (Dragging poets into a sociology class is my contribution to interdisciplinary education.) "Do you know Tennyson's 'The Lotos-Eaters'?" I ask.

Silence. Blank stares.

Then a darker thought occurs to me. "Have you ever heard of Tennyson?"

More silence. More blank stares.

Finally, a student volunteers, "I've heard of him."

"Good!" I perk up. "Who is he?"

"Oh, I don't know who he is, but I've heard of the name."

Please don't misunderstand me. I don't think Tennyson belongs on a short list of Great Writers (though I do think he belongs on a longer list of Very Good Writers). Nor do I think persons not acquainted with "The Lotos-Eaters" should be deemed cultural barbarians. But I can't help getting a little woozy every time something like this happens in class, the same wooziness a Roman must have felt when he saw the Vandals at the gates.

For purposes of full disclosure, I should note that I teach at a community college; and such institutions are, of course, not jam-packed with National Merit Scholars. But the situation is hardly better at the typical four-year college, where I have experienced similar distressing moments.

Sometimes, to be perverse, I ask my students why the battle of Waterloo was named after a train station in London. A full five minutes of wrong answers pass before someone finally figures out it's a trick question.

I used to blame their high school teachers when I would discover these empty accounts in my students' memory banks. Then one day it dawned on me that six months after taking my course they probably don't retain much of the precious sociological information I made available to them. ("Who is Max Weber?" some American lit teacher will ask while trying to teach Hawthorne. "I think I've heard the name," will be the reply.)

I suppose it can be plausibly argued that throughout most of recorded history the danger of showing too much respect for tradition has been greater than the opposite danger of showing too little respect. But both are dangerous. And of the two, neglect of tradition is far the greater danger in America today.

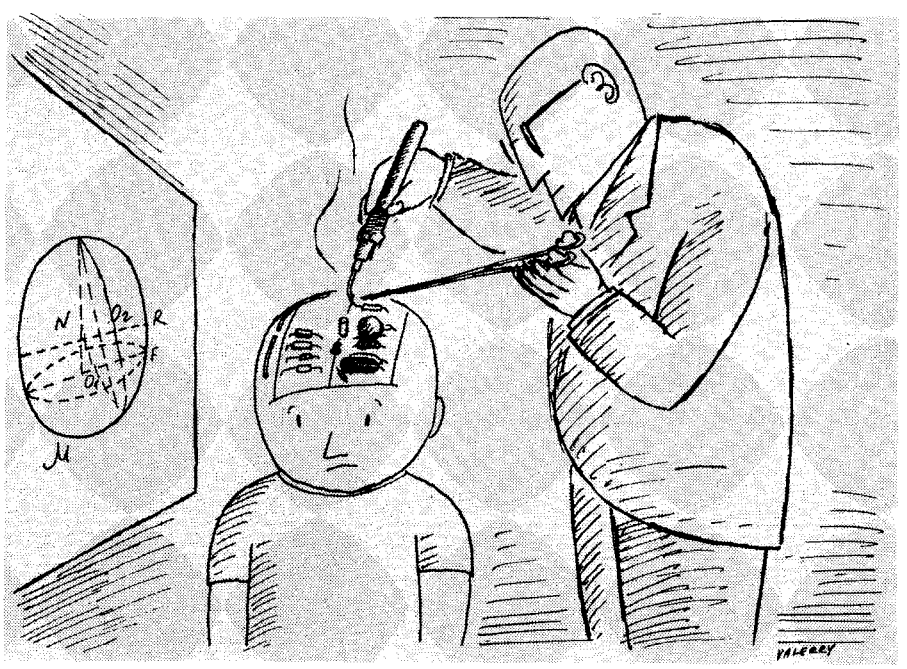
There are two reasons for a society to keep up a high cultural tradition, the kind of tradition reflected in Great Books lists. First, it provides us with a common vocabulary, a shared body of ideas, with which we can carry on serious discussions about serious topics. Second, it contains wisdom, i.e., profound insights into human nature and its situation in the moral and physical universe.

But in America we have decided we can dispense with the high tradition on both counts. What need do we have for a common vocabulary borrowed from the Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, et al., when we have a common culture provided for us by *People* magazine and TV advertisers? In the 1984 Democratic presidential primaries, for instance, Walter Mondale had no need to call on Machiavelli, Madison, or Marx to refute Gary Hart. Instead he asked, "Where's the beef?"

As for wisdom — well, the word has a nice, old-fashioned ring about it, but who believes in it anymore? One man's wisdom is another man's poison, is it not? To say there ought to be a canonical list of wisdom books is like saying there ought to exist what Walter Lippmann called a public philosophy. And we all know (don't we?) that a public philosophy is first cousin to that totally un-American thing, an established religion. There you have it: another *reductio ad absurdum*. Besides, if you really want wisdom, you can always watch Oprah Winfrey.

I hold what may be called the Trickle Down Theory of Cultural Deprivation. When society's elites, represented in this instance by Louis Menand, deny that there are or ought to be such things as Great Words, Great Books, or Great Ideas, this trickles down to the young men and women in the middling ranks of society, where it manifests itself as a refusal to believe in the value of any words, books, or ideas which do not have obvious utilitarian value. If knowledge of the poets won't put money in my pocket or help me find a good spouse, what good is it?

Surely *The New Republic* has better things to do than to keep my students away from Homer and the Bible.

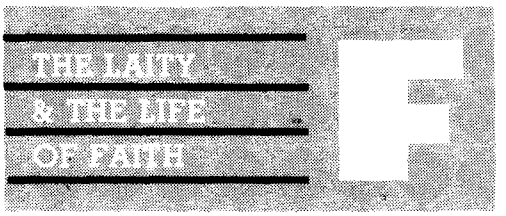


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOD ISN'T FINISHED WITH ME YET

LIVING IN THE WORLD OF WHAT IS

ROSEMARIE BRICKLEY



Friends worry about my apparent lack of progress in what they insist on calling my "personal relationship with God." They shouldn't worry. God and I have a great personal relationship: God is God, I am I, and so long as I remember who is which, we get along just fine.

God is neither my daddy nor my good buddy nor my significant other. The unique self-communication of God in Jesus Christ seems to me to deserve a bit more respect than is implied by the theology of a with-it Christianity. God is the center of my life. Period.

Meeting God every day is exhausting, however, especially for one whose Catholicism was formed in the decades just prior to Vatican II. In those earlier decades, a personal relationship with God was an intensely private matter; one-on-one familiarity with the Almighty was not encouraged; and progress in the journey to salvation was a matter of penitent weekly reports to a confessor, while safely hidden behind a mesh grill.

With Vatican II, I realized that my membership in the Catholic church could no longer be a sort of spiritual IRA security plan. I started reading anything which promised to explain this new vision of "church" and found myself in a world which was bursting with new ideas. Images of "Abba," "Anthropological Christology" and "Charismatic Movement" exploded in my mind, accustomed to orderly, comfortable visions of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In me, freedom is at war with nostalgia. I am able to orate for hours on the subject of Jesus' growing consciousness of his divinity, but I eat fish every Friday. I sniff knowingly at those who carry home jars of holy water, but I patiently burn last year's blessed palm in a small dish, and work the ashes into the front lawn. I bluster that prayer is efficacious only for personal head-clearing, but I sit and stare numbly at the crucifix on my living room wall. I suspect that, if a poll were taken of national spiritual closets, I would be marked as the stereotypical American Catholic.

Our parish provides a "Quiet Mass," which was initially set up as a liturgy for those who "experienced difficulty" with the then-new way of doing things. The Quiet Mass still provides a bit of breathing space for the unreconstructed; the rite is modern but the people who attend it are not.

No special events, no baptisms, no installations in ministry, no Professions of Faith are ever scheduled for the Quiet Mass. A constant thread runs through every homily, however, teaching and explaining over and over Vatican II's vision of the wandering Pilgrim People of God. The regulars of the Quiet Mass are being conducted gently but inevitably into the church in the modern world, at a pace entirely their own.

My life was in turmoil when I first discovered the Quiet Mass. Out of work for over a year, I had wandered for months from parish to parish trying to find a place to hide from my personal failure. Filled with anger, all I wanted was a corner pew in which I could crouch and hate God, who was of course responsible for my situation.

At most parishes I visited, people welcomed me, patted me on the arm, asked my name, told me all about their communities. They asked terrifying questions, though. Usually, the questions were based around the Catholic laity's favorite

EDITORS' NOTE: In anticipation of next October's synod on the laity, *Commonweal* has asked a number of lay people to reflect on the ways their Catholic faith is manifest in their daily lives. How do they meet God in the daily round of activities? What in their work most demands spiritual strength and ethical guidance, and where do they seek this nourishment? The first contributor to this series is Rosemarie Brickley, a contract administrative specialist who lives and works in the Washington, D.C. area.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

icebreaker, "What's your ministry?" I didn't even have a job and they wanted me to have a "ministry"? At the Quiet Mass, I was delighted to find that nobody even looked at me. I began regular attendance, glowering at the world from "my" side-aisle seat.

One Sunday, after losing out at five job interviews the previous week, I blew up and committed the previously unthinkable: I deliberately missed Mass. For some, that may not sound like much of a rebellion; for me, the day was filled with apparitions in which my second-grade catechism teacher glared at me from every corner of my apartment. During the following week I failed at three more interviews. The next Sunday morning I admitted that I just might have missed God's point somewhere, and returned to "my" place at the Quiet Mass.

As I sat there scowling, five people came to me during the minutes before Mass began. Each person whispered the same thing: "We missed you last week. Were you sick? Are you feeling all right now? Good." Each one tiptoed away without waiting for a reply.

Five people reached out to another person. Five strangers reached out and touched me and, all unknowing, they broke through the wall of my lonely fury. I was then, and still am, humbled by the ways in which God chooses to act in and through the human.

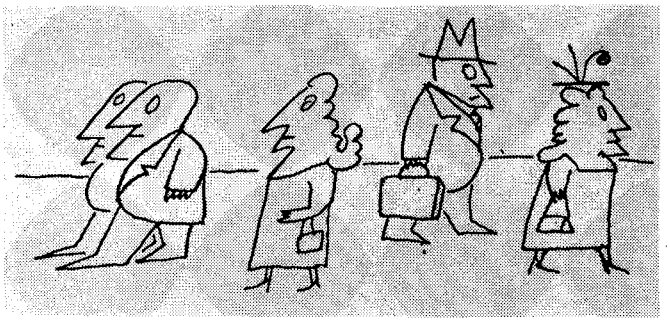
God continues to reshape me through the means I provide. Since anger is something I "do" well, anger is the tool God uses to get my attention. My childhood image of the Redeemer was of a blue-eyed, brown-haired Jesus Christ floating far above me, his head outlined with shiny stuff. Adult rejection of this unearthly and irrelevant being carried me all the way to Buddhism before my somehow inevitable metanoia. Outrage over the status assigned to women in the world and in the church brought me, finally, to recognition of the linguistic limitations inherent in the sacred descriptive, "Son of God." Disgust with people who blindly accept superficial quasi-theology drives me to search for the deeper meanings of every mystery.

One area is really tough for me, though. The difficulties are not only in the implications, but also in the implementation of the directive: Christians are to give witness to the presence of God in the world. Most of us, especially we of the Quiet Mass, have not the foggiest idea how to go about that.

Are we supposed to stand on the street corner and yell a lot? March and carry signs protesting any of the multitude of injustices we see? Organize a group? Start office meetings with a prayer? In response to my questions, God provided me with the opportunity to give witness, and then went off to watch over a molting sparrow.

The boss at my new job directed me to write a memo of justification, for the record, of a company policy which skated close to the edge of the law. After reading the draft of the policy, I understood that the memo would also serve as a coat of whitewash to obscure the adverse impact of the policy on a certain class of employees.

Once the policy was in place, one small group of already



well-paid technicians would lose earned bonuses. The company, however, was in severe financial difficulties and needed the escrowed bonus money in order to survive. The policy was logical, reasonable, and representative of business decisions made every day. It was legal, and it made me squirm.

The magisterium has little to say to me on the subject of moral business decisions. Those esteemed gentlemen are blessed with adequate housing, food, medical care, and honorable retirement. Instructions, even advice, issued from within such a framework cannot help but reflect the self-confidence engendered by the safety of the lifestyle. Those men seem unaware that I don't live there, in the world of "what should be." I live here, in this world of "what it is." In judging business policies as well as every other moral decision, all I can do is bow respectfully in the direction of the magisterium and then take my best shot at a correct choice.

After weighing the facts, shifting back and forth among the political mandates, the legal probabilities, and the moral certainties, I realized what I had to do. On one balance plate of the scale stood moral teachings about right, wrong, and justice; I stood on the other plate, mixing whitewash. Five of the nine company directors were practicing Catholics. They seemed puzzled by my concern over the morality of the policy. Said one, "Morality? What does that have to do with it? This is business, not sex."

Hey, God! The work of moving Gospel values into the world is going to take some time, I think.

There are those laity who successfully give faith witness in and to the world. Those people are able to translate theological moral values into secular activism with amazing ease. The movers and shakers get right out there in the family van, transporting the homeless off the streets and into shelters. I feel ripped off when I give a dollar to a chubby-cheeked young man holding up a "Homeless and Hungry" sign. The movers and shakers are spiritual miles ahead of me and I may never catch up.

Sometimes I feel that life certainly would be a lot simpler if I could throw my cards in the air and just live with whatever comes down face-up. Life certainly was a lot simpler when all I had to do was whatever I was told to do by the many and uncompromising dicta issued by the church of my childhood.

God through Jesus Christ breathed the Holy Spirit into the world and into me. Today, God put into my path an old bag lady pulling her world behind her in a rusty shopping cart. . . .

Obviously, God isn't finished with me yet. For which I give thanks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

WOMEN IN THE FICTION OF ANDREW GREELEY

MARY ZEISS STANGE

The setting is a hospital room in Chicago, on a Sunday afternoon in early spring. Seventeen-year-old Noele Farrell, the heroine of Father Andrew Greeley's *Lord of the Dance,* lies bedridden, having been beaten, raped, and sodomized by three Mafia thugs, while her boyfriend was forced helplessly to watch. Noele receives a visit from kindly Father Ace McNamara, a psychologist by training and the model of the "good priest" in this novel. He is also the character who, Greeley remarks in his prefatory note, "occasionally" speaks with the novelist's own voice. This seems to be one such occasion. Recognizing Noele's need for counseling, Father Ace tells her there will be some "tough times" ahead. She responds: "That goes with being a woman. We have to learn to live with being raped and things like that." Father Ace's rejoinder: "This is Passion Sunday . . . suffering goes with being human." He goes on to tell her that, while she will recover, she will never be the same. With luck — and, one supposes, grace — she will "come out of this experience a stronger and more mature woman."

For Noele, who by the end of the novel less than a hundred pages later appears to have recovered totally from her trauma, rape is evidently a growth-experience. So, too, is it for Cathy Collins, the hapless heroine of another Greeley novel, *Virgin and Martyr*. After years of brutalization at the hands of a sadistic mother superior, a lecherous old priest, and a sexually depraved ex-priest husband, Cathy goes to the Latin American dictatorship of Costaguana to do missionary work under the direction of a psychotic visionary priest, who desires not her body but her considerable wealth. This priest sells her into captivity to the demented dictator, by whose henchmen she is repeatedly tortured and gang-raped. Reflecting upon her ordeal, her cousin Father Blackie Ryan, Greeley's model of the "Catholic priesthood at its best," agrees with her fiancé Nick that it was a shame that Cathy had to suffer so much. However, he says, "a tortured and adult Cathy is better than an untortured and juvenile Cathy." This, Blackie continues, "amounts to a defense of the crooked lines of God." For the childish Cathy, as for the child-woman Noele, rape is a rite of initiation into spiritual maturity.

Not all the rape victims in Greeley's stories fare so well. In *Happy Are the Meek,* teenaged Laurel had been a victim of repeated acts of incest as a child. When she is finally driven, out of "love," to kill her abusive father, the wise Father Blackie remarks that, alas, she will be scarred for life, suffering "enormous and permanent psychological handicaps." Similarly, two young women are raped, with no apparent spiritual reward (indeed, in one case the rape leads to suicide) in Greeley's first major novel, *The Cardinal Sins*. It is certainly worth remarking that all of the aforementioned rape victims are virgins: young, beautiful virgins.

Of course, this is the stuff that commercial fiction is made of. As Greeley has himself remarked, his publisher early on told him that the successful novel is a blend of violence and hope. That Andrew Greeley has clearly taken this counsel to heart makes him little different, as a novelist, from those other writers whose bestsellers are advertised, along with his, in the paperback editions of his novels: Jackie Collins, Sidney Sheldon, Judith Krantz.

What does distinguish Father Andrew Greeley from his peers on the bestseller lists, however, is his claim that his stories are "comedies of grace," which function sacramentally to disclose the hand of God in human lives. Greeley repeatedly asserts that his novels are his most priestly work; they are what God most wants him to do. And he cites precedents for such priestly activity. After all, in telling sacred stories in secular form, he is merely doing (he admits, with perhaps rather less skill) what Jesus did in his parables, and the Gospel writers in their narratives: depicting the working-out of salvation history in the lives of ordinary sinners.

Two things must be remarked in defense of Greeley's argument about his priestly storytelling. For one thing, he is certainly right about the appropriateness of the narrative mode to pastoral, as well as theological, activity. Greeley places his fiction writing firmly within the context of narrative theology as it has developed over the last decade, especially in the writings of his friends David Tracy and John Shea. His aim, as he remarks in *How to Save the Catholic Church,* is to reunite the two "trajectories" of theological reflection and

MARY ZEISS STANGE *is an assistant professor of English at Dana College in Blair, Nebraska. Her articles have appeared in* The Journal of Religious Studies, Dragonflies, The North Dakota Quarterly, *and* the Journal of Feminist Studies in Religion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imaginative narrative which have, over the centuries, diverged to the point where they are radically disjoined. The fundamental insights of narrative theology are at this point familiar enough that few would argue as to their importance. In this regard, it is not what Greeley is doing, but how he is doing it, that demands examination.

The other point on which Greeley deserves some defense has to do with the bulk of the negative criticism that has been directed toward his fictional works. He complains, with some evident justification, that many of his most vitriolic critics have never read any of his novels. He further charges that among those negative critics who have read one or more of the books, the most caustic and condemnatory commentary has tended to appear in Catholic publications which are moderate to right-of-center in their theological orientation. (This claim is called into question by the fact that, at least by his own account, he is typically well-reviewed in *America,* while his books have been blasted by critics writing in *Commonweal* and the *National Catholic Reporter.*) Based upon sociological research he has conducted on the readership of his novels, Greeley concludes that such "adversarial" reaction to his comedies of grace is rooted in archconservative Catholicism. As to negative criticism from non-Catholic reviewers, Greeley attributes it to their being "non-believers" who are incapable, either through their ignorance or psychological predisposition, of grasping the theological point he wants to make. Obviously this is unfair to some of his negative reviewers, and an oversimplification of the critical issues involved.

Yet, if Greeley is guilty of stereotyping his hostile reviewers as Latin-chanting Tridentine Catholics, sexually hung-up non-believers, and also (of whom more presently) bitchy, man-hating feminists, it is no doubt in part because many reviewers have similarly caricatured him as the maladjusted money-grabbing priest with a dirty little mind. Much of the criticism of his novels is simply sensationalistic, abounding in terms like "sleazy," "trashy," "steamy," and so on. Critics consistently complain that he makes much more money than any priest should. And they often argue that a Catholic priest simply has no business writing books about sex, especially sex of the "steamy" sort. Greeley rightly points out that such knee-jerk responses to his novels do suggest a Catholic hierarchy and laity which has considerable problems when it comes to dealing with sexuality.

Ultimately, though, when it comes to criticism directed against his novels, Andrew Greeley is hardly more sinned against than sinning. He dismisses his critics readily, and summarily. This is especially the case with feminist critiques of his writings. Greeley affords himself of every opportunity to castigate feminist reviewers, and feminist characters in his stories as well, using characteristic phrases like "man-hating, quasi-lesbian" and "brittle, bitchy feminist" to describe these women (see, for example, his remarks in the introductory chapter of *The Mary Myth,* his book on the "womanliness" of God).

This is curious, because, as Greeley asserts time and again, he regards himself as a feminist. Indeed, as he puts it in his sociological study *Angry Catholic Women,* he is a Feminist, in contrast to the unabashedly moderate, if not downright timid, small-f "feminist" as the term functions in that study. Greeley contends that his central aims in the novels are to portray the sacramentality of human sexuality, and the feminine dimension ("womanliness") of God. In the light of such self-declared feminist claims, his treatment of the female characters in the novels needs to be carefully evaluated. It is clear that in this area, Andrew Greeley deserves a critical response far more substantial than he has thus far received.

Greeley himself acknowledges the criticisms that his stories contain "too much violence" and that his "women . . . absorb rather too much pushing around." He doesn't necessarily agree, but he allows that "criticisms of that variety are proper, fair, and reasonable, and deserve to be taken seriously" (*Confessions of a Parish Priest,* p. 188). Indeed, he laments that such reasonable commentary on his work is so rare.

One reason it may be so rare is the fatal weakness both Greeley and his critics tend to have for *ad hominem* attacks. But that explanation is perhaps too easy. The truth is that any criticism of an author like Greeley, even when it sticks scrupulously to his texts, is apt to be seen as cutting close to the person. Greeley makes it clear that he sees his fiction, his theology, and his priestly ministry as an interwoven whole. He explains his work and himself incessantly. He seldom avails himself of the strategies that many authors and scholars use to distance themselves from their work. Nonetheless, it should be possible to distinguish a private Father Greeley, known to God, his friends, and his own self-examining spirit — and, like all of us, never adequately summed up in even the hugest body of work — from the public Greeley who is encountered in his published fiction and non-fiction, in his theories and images. It is the responsibility of the critic to examine this Greeley, the one who exists on paper. This Greeley influences millions and takes pride in doing so. He offers them a view of women and sexuality which in the final analysis is absolutely unconscionable, and he does it in the name of both theology and feminism.

To fully comprehend the way Greeley is theologizing in his novels, it is helpful first to consider the "theological trajectory" as it takes shape in his recent non-fiction works. Key among these is *How to Save the Catholic Church,* the book he co-authored in 1984 with his sister, Mary G. Durkin. The argument of that book is that the church's salvation lies in recovering its sense of the sacramentality of all aspects of human experience. Indeed, as the authors reasonably put forth, such a recovery of the "Catholic sensibility" might produce much healthier attitudes toward sexuality and a more positive appreciation of the body in harmony with, rather than opposed to, the spirit. On the face of it, this is provocative, and all to the good.

Greeley and Durkin define "sacrament" in the broadest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible terms, as "whatever discloses grace to us," with special emphasis on "water, fire, food, drink, sex" (p. 20). To illustrate this, Greeley recounts his "sacramental" encounter with a young mother on a Chicago Transit Authority bus. The smile of this "Madonna" alters his hitherto gloomy mood, and "life takes on meaning and purpose once more, for in a world where that sort of smile is possible, there simply must be meaning and purpose." Greeley goes on to say that the smile, as sacrament, is "totally gratuitous, i.e., gracious, i.e., graceful, i.e., grace." That the logic of this progression might be questionable is not, of course, a relevant criticism as far as Greeley is concerned, because the image works, as ought all sacraments, on an emotional level. Indeed, much of Greeley's sacramental theology assumes purely affective response on the part of "believers." Where sacramentality leaves off and sentimentality begins is unclear. There is much nostalgia in this book (as in the novels) for the good old ethnic Catholic spirituality of Miraculous Medals and Novenas and May Crownings and Midnight Masses. Such spirituality, Greeley and Durkin suggest, might be made more relevant. Take, for example, the yearly blessing of automobiles, where it once was the custom to distribute St. Christopher medals. Now that the Vatican has un-sainted Christopher, this might afford the opportunity to "design your own patron saint of automobiles," and it "could be an occasion for a powerful sacramental lesson on the dangers of drunken driving" (p. 71). *Anything* can become a sacrament in this scheme of things.

Even woman. Early on in *How to Save the Catholic Church,* Greeley asserts that women are "sacraments — revelatory agents — of the womanliness of God for their men" (p. 17). This is hardly a new suggestion in his theoretical writings. It was a major theme in *The Mary Myth,* where he dealt with woman as "limit-experience" for man. And while the idea of woman as sacrament may not have been fully articulated in Greeley's literary imagination until the late 1970s, he was toying with the notion in a very interesting marriage manual he wrote in 1973, called *Sexual Intimacy.* In it he describes the fantasies of two lovers anticipating their lovemaking later in the day. The man's fantasies are strictly in terms of how he will manage the situation, in what way he might attack, how best to handle her. The woman's fantasies are in terms of how he will do it to her: what might be his manner of approach, how should she respond? Then her fantasies move, boldly, in a different direction: ". . . or will I surprise him with my plan to trap him in his work in the library when I approach him wearing only panties and a martini pitcher — or maybe only the martini pitcher?" (p. 100).

With a nod to John Shea's idea that the capacity for surprise is central to religious conviction, Greeley interprets this little fantasy (or parable?) for us:

> It is no exaggeration . . . to say that the wife clad in panties and martini pitcher is imitating Yahweh's behavior. Indeed, if she only has the martini pitcher, she is imitating him even more appropriately, because then both her surprise and her gift are total, just as Yahweh's gift and surprise were total.

Of course, Greeley goes on to remark, it is "undoubtedly true" that "precious few wives will ever work up the courage to create such a surprise" (pp. 101-102). Precisely why they should lack such courage is unclear, especially given the fact that what essentially characterizes women, in Greeley's view, is their unbounded sexual appetite: he devotes an entire chapter to the "sexually insatiable woman" (a discussion buttressed by teasing hints as to the scientific verifiability of woman's sexual insatiability). The happy marriage must therefore be based upon the woman's sexual desire for her man. And, in Greeley's analysis, a husband succeeds in being truly a man (that is, a "successful lover") when he arouses his woman to the extent that she "habitually wants him more than he wants her." The achievement of this state of affairs, Greeley notes, "should open up vistas of endless pleasure and delight." The husband's ability to make his wife's body "writhe in joy" give "unmistakable confirmation of his powers as a man. He has a right to such confirmation and ought to directly and vigorously demand it" (p. 113). His failure to make such demands will, of course, result in the dissatisfaction of his sexually insatiable wife. If this is the case, she must inform her husband that, so far, he is a failure as a lover (i.e., he is not sufficiently demanding), and that "it is time that he begin to use her body the way it was intended to be used" (p. 159).

Despite his continual claims that he is aiming to reflect a new, indeed revolutionary, Catholic sexual sensibility, it is abundantly clear from such passages as these that much of what Andrew Greeley is doing is perpetuating, and even claiming sacramental status for, the traditional patriarchal stereotypes of female sexuality. Augustine and Jerome are replaced by Masters and Johnson, and his sexual imagery recalls less the Song of Songs than it does *The Total Woman.* Indeed, the depiction of human sexuality in Greeley's novels is especially insidious precisely because of his apparent advance beyond the overt repression of women sanctioned by the early Church Fathers. If the context has changed, the fundamental pattern remains the same. Man is the pursuer; woman is the seducer. The woman tempts, and the man attacks. It is hardly surprising that rape is an important element in several of Greeley's "comedies of grace." Also significant, in the light of the deeply rooted pattern of seduction and attack, is the fact that none of the male characters in Greeley's novels is subjected to physical or emotional violence in any way comparable to that routinely undergone by his central female characters. In Andrew Greeley's fictional universe, while suffering may go with being human, it more especially goes with being female.

We have seen that for Greeley woman is a special revelatory agent of God for man. Can she function thus sacramentally for another woman? Greeley does not directly address this question. However, if one looks at the novels, the answer apparently is no. Women cannot be sacraments for each other. Perhaps most tellingly, while several of Greeley's male characters (most notably Blackie Ryan) refer to God as a she (as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does Greeley in his autobiography, *Confessions of a Parish Priest*), all of the female characters in the novels refer to God, and presumably experience God, as a male. Greeley's sacramentality is strictly heterosexual.

In addition, there is in the novels a tendency for women, especially "liberated women," to brutalize each other. Thus, the perpetrator of the vicious torture session which leaves the saintly Lisa Malone comatose and near death throughout *Happy Are the Clean of Heart*, turns out to be a worn-out militant feminist and closet lesbian, who attempted to kill the vivacious Lisa out of jealousy for her beauty and talent. And one of the other prime suspects in that detective story is a highly unattractive man-hating nun, who enthusiastically joins other members of her commune in using physical violence against young women who need to have their consciousness raised.

Such tenderness as Greeley's women characters receive, they almost universally receive from men. Of course, the occasional man-hating feminist aside, that is also where most of their abuse comes from, too.

With regard to the saints' stories of Catholic spirituality, Greeley has remarked: "If one views them not as doctrines to be insisted upon but as narratives responding to religious experience, stirring religious imagination, and imparting religious meaning, then there is a good case for bringing them back" (*How to Save the Catholic Church*, p. xix).

Perhaps it is better yet (following Greeley's "design-your-own-patron-saint" line of sacramental reasoning) to create new stories, fictions more relevant to contemporary experience. Commercial storytelling thus becomes, as Greeley remarks in the afterword to *The Cardinal Sins*, "as appropriate for a priest today as making a stained glass window was for priests in an earlier age." Indeed, for Greeley the novels perform a function precisely analogous to that of the cathedral window: they provide a cast of characters in "stories of God's love." And Greeley is at pains to assert that his characters and the stories' plot lines are scripturally rooted. Three of the novels, for example, form a "Passover Trilogy": each is provided with an explanatory note linking it to, respectively, Holy Thursday (*Thy Brother's Wife*), Good Friday (*Ascent into Hell*), and Holy Saturday/Easter Sunday (*Lord of the Dance*). The theme of *The Cardinal Sins*, naturally, is the portrayal of the "seven disorderly propensities in our personality that lead us to sinful behavior" ("A Note about the Cardinal Sins"). The Blackie Ryan mystery stories, a projected series of detective novels, is based upon the Beatitudes.

Violence directed toward women plays a prominent role in Greeley's "comedies of grace" from the beginning. In addition to the virgin rapes already mentioned, there are attacks on more sexually experienced women — one of whom, a married ex-nun, at the moment of her violation cries out "give me absolution . . . please" (*Ascent into Hell*, 403). In *Happy Are the Meek*, another married victim who over the years has been repeatedly beaten and raped by her loutish husband, without ever ceasing to love him, admits that his brutality was probably due to the fact that she was not a good sexual partner for him. Rape seems to have a chastising, "maturing" effect on such women.

Many of Greeley's women characters actually thrive on abuse. There is, to take a typical instance, Helen, one of the many mistresses of ex-priest Hugh Donlon in *Ascent into Hell*. After an especially violent bout of lovemaking, with "a rivulet of blood running down her breast," Helen remarks, "You're a violent man, Hugh . . . a woman who loves you knows she runs the risk. . . ." The heat of his passion cooled, Hugh begs forgiveness for being rather too rough with her. She "cheerfully" brushes off the incident, and goes about arousing him to further sexual activity, after which "he covered her violated body with kisses as she purred contentedly" (p. 327).

Hugh had become a womanizer at roughly the same time his wife Liz, an ex-nun, had become a Marxist feminist. It seems ideology had ruined sex for her. Prior to her adoption of liberal ideology, Liz had "reveled" in being used "as if she were a harem slave." However, lest we think it was an advance for her to move beyond that sexual orientation, Greeley makes it clear that afterward Liz wavered between frigidity and sexual wantonness (including an affair with her husband's unscrupulous brother, Paul), and she was only marginally sane in any event. Liz represents a bad girl, whose salvation comes only in her death, which occurs in a plane crash on an illicit vacation Liz and Paul had planned. We know she was saved because it turns out that she had decided to end the affair and to come home, repentant, to Hugh after all. No cause for sadness here, however: in this "comedy of grace" Liz's unfortunate death opens the way for Hugh to marry Maria, a good girl and the true love of his life.

Another of Greeley's bad girls, Maureen in *The Cardinal Sins*, is among other things the cardinal's mistress. Like Hugh Donlon, Patrick Cardinal Donahue has a liking for abusive sex. The narrative of his exploits is loaded with such passages as the following:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Bastard," she said with a snarl.

He took her brutally. As he expected, she loved it. Back in his room he sobbed in disgust and self-hatred and murmured an act of contrition (p. 113).

As the cardinal remarks about himself (this to Ellen, a childhood friend whom he has just *nearly* raped): "I'm kinky. Always have been, I guess." This makes him the perfect lover for Maureen, who is also involved with a sadistic Mafioso named Alfredo. Their first tryst is described as follows:

Fredo DeLucca was hurting her, deliberately, skillfully, precisely. She reveled in the experience of pain and pleasure, enjoying the sharp stab of agony that repeatedly leapt through her body. . . .

Amused by her reactions, he chuckled softly. Then the pain crossed the threshold of tolerability. She screamed. Fredo chuckled again. He kept her suspended over the valley of suffering and joy, moving her gently back and forth from one side of the valley to the other. And then, as she pleaded for mercy, he inflicted a quick, excruciating torture, followed instantly by sublime ecstasy.

It was an experience she wanted again (p. 387).

Maureen evidently had discovered that Fredo was a truly "satisfying" lover (recall Greeley's remarks in his marriage manual): he knew how "to use her body the way it was intended to be used." Like Liz, Maureen finds her salvation in death by violence. She is gunned down by one of Fredo's henchmen and dies, madonna-like, having whispered an act of contrition, with the cardinal kneeling in tears beside her hospital bed.

The sacramental message underlying stories like these seems to be that, while women may know they ought not to enjoy sexual violence directed toward them, they cannot help themselves, insatiable creatures that they are. And so sexual violence functions as a *via purgativa*, a way of purgation for them. This idea, hinted at obliquely in a number of novels, is the central theme of Greeley's *Angels of September*. Its heroine, Anne Reilly, is plagued by recurring episodes of extremely violent abuse. Whether these are due to her own psychosis or to demonic possession is deliberately left unclear by Greeley. The attacks culminate in her experience of being raped by a succession of demons. Some of the extensive narrative description follows:

The foul, unseen hands began to violate her body, pinching her flesh with savage, cruel twists, then tickling her lasciviously so that she screamed and laughed uncontrollably at the same time.

The hands and fingers continued to squeeze, hurt, degrade. Every imaginable obscene thing that hands can do to a woman's body were [sic] done to her time after time, until she was worn out with humiliation and pain and yearned to die. . . .

Nor was she permitted the luxury of losing consciousness. On the contrary, every sense, every nerve ending, every feeling was pushed to a fine point of sensitivity. . . her awareness became even keener and her body raced desperately toward grotesque pleasure and release. The obscene hands, however, would not permit her that, either. They forced her body to the brink of satisfaction, then retreated, only to return again and make her suffer more. *This is what hell is like for women,* she thought — *sexual degradation that never ends, always exciting you and never satisfying* (Greeley's italics, p. 339).

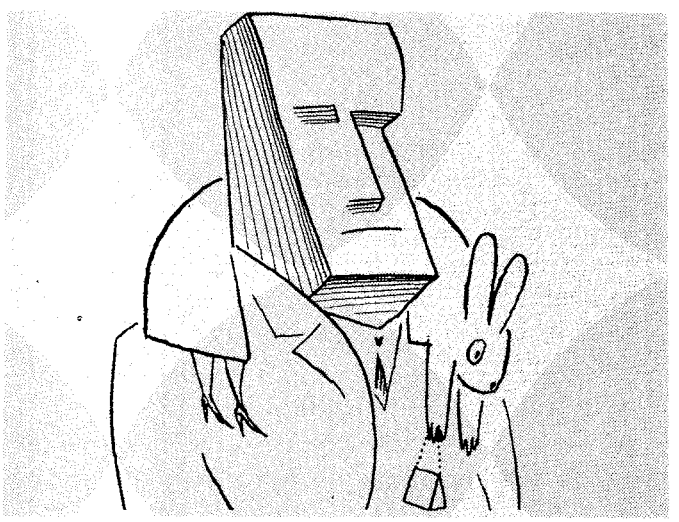
Greeley's language speaks for itself here. In a world where sexual degradation can be assumed to be "exciting" and potentially "satisfying" for women, the meaning of rape as "occasion of grace" takes on frightening dimensions. The narrative continues:

One by one, unseen demons entered her and debased her, harshly and brutally using her for their pleasure. Hell for woman was endless rape. . . .

. . . They did not let her hold her spirit or mind aloof from their pleasure. She was forced to cooperate mentally and spiritually as well as physically, to enjoy the coarse and sordid degradation, to experience at the same time heights of physical pleasure and the depths of emotional degradation (p. 340).

This "agony and ecstasy" approach to women's experience of sexual violence is simply Greeley's idea of women's sexual fantasies writ large. His women characters who have normal or healthy sex lives tend to speak about sex in similarly ambivalent terms.

Was the demon-rape for real, or was it all in Anne's head, a result of guilt brought on by an overly strict Catholic upbringing? Father Blackie Ryan suggests that we shall never know for sure. The important thing for Anne is that, like Greeley's other "good" women, she achieves salvation, sexual and spiritual, through marriage to a good man. (This is the alternative to the "bad" woman's salvation through death by violence.) Blackie Ryan smiles approvingly upon Anne's marriage to a man who will keep her sexually satisfied, that is he will save her from herself. Anne's salvation will be assured through his using her body the way it was intended to be used.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And, in their good sex, she will serve as a revelatory agent of God for her husband.

Violence against women, always present in Greeley's novels, has increased dramatically in the more recent ones. (Of course, a critic is usually six months behind Greeley's latest output.) So, also, has the role of Father Ryan, the representative of the priesthood at its best. In his autobiography, Greeley remarks that the priest is, at least potentially, "the most fascinating man in the world," owing to his "freedom for more total commitment" than the married man, bonded sexually to a woman, can enjoy. As drunkenly expressed by the beleaguered Irene in *Lord of the Dance,* the priest is "someone who can love you without having to screw you." He therefore can exercise more sensitivity toward and understanding of women than can their husbands.

It is reasonable, then, to expect Blackie Ryan to be the Feminist par excellence. Here, however, is a typical taste of Blackie's Ryan's philosophy of women:

> Men have oppressed women in every society the world has ever known, a situation that is thoroughly unsatisfactory from a woman's viewpoint. . . . For while it may be advantageous and amusing to push them around and collect them like jewels or cattle, they are only fully rewarding when they are treated like equals (*Happy Are the Meek,* p. 182).

Although Blackie Ryan passingly refers to "woman's viewpoint," the "truth" to which this passage moves reflects an undercurrent which, once one is alert to it, becomes apparent throughout Greeley's fictional and theoretical writings. Women exist, "sacramentally" or otherwise, to be "rewarding" to men. Indeed, "the proper goal of feminism," Greeley remarks in his autobiography, "is not that women become more macho but that men become more tender" (p. 326). Greeley doubly perverts the goals of the women's movement by first reducing it to the "man-hating, quasi-lesbian" stereotype, then co-opting what he calls feminism for his own uses. Feminism, in short, exists to make women more rewarding to men.

Father Andrew Greeley's "feminism" is thus related to his fiction writing. Remarking that the "Grail quest" for men "is a quest to discover the tender God revealed in their own self, to discover their own tenderness and the Divine tenderness as sacraments of one another," Greeley explains that he experiences his women characters as aspects of his anima.

> Creating my women characters . . . has forced me to face the nurturing aspect of my own personality and of my own experience with women and to try to integrate that dimension more fully in my life and in my religious faith.
>
> A curious path to grace.
>
> (*Confessions of a Parish Priest,* p. 327.)

A curious path indeed, given the ground it covers! Does the nurturing side of a man's personality need to be raped, tortured, and in various other ways demeaned and degraded in order to become more fully integrated? This is posed as a theological, not a psychological, question. Greeley explains, in the same confessional context as the above remarks, that "just as we are sacraments of God and reveal what he is like, so the characters in a novel are sacraments of the storyteller (negative in his bad people, positive in his good people)." In the "Note" prefacing *Ascent into Hell,* Greeley the storyteller observes that "like God, I refuse to assume responsibility for the moral behavior of my creatures." And in the "Disclaimer" opening *Lord of the Dance* he says, "I do not necessarily approve of the moral behavior of my creatures." Yet he does claim sacramental status for their behavior, bad as well as good. His notion of a "negative" sacrament can only be construed to mean that the scenes of sexual violence and exploitation in the books are meant to be read as sacramental occasions of "grace." But grace for whom? The women involved, if they are basically good women, wind up "more mature" and thereby more attractive to the "tender" men who will take care of them. For example, as the demon-raped Anne herself remarks, torture in a Latin-American prison was the price that *Virgin and Martyr*'s Cathy Collins had to pay to win the love of her husband Nick (see *Angels of September,* p. 70). Through purgatorial suffering, women earn the privilege of being sacraments for their men. If Blackie Ryan were to philosophize on this, perhaps he might observe that women are not only more fully rewarding when treated like equals, it may even help if they've been battered a bit.

Putting the emphasis on the violence suffered by women in Greeley's fiction may be misconstrued, however, if it distracts from a larger point. This violence is very much there, as it is in much popular fiction, including the so-called "bodice-rippers" written specifically for women. Abuse of women and rape itself can be legitimate subjects for fictional portrayal, although their treatment in much commercial literature is clearly manipulative and trivializing. While one can raise artistic objections of this sort to some of Greeley's portrayals, the larger concern is the view of women in general of which his battered women are but the most dramatic symptom: women as instruments and "revelations" in men's stories rather than subjects of their own; women whose insatiable and violence-tinged sexuality echoes ancient patriarchal stereotypes. That this view of women is self-consciously and explicitly presented as a logical growth of a Catholic sacramental theology applied to sexuality, and as a theologically informed expression of feminism, is disturbing, to say the least. It is not rendered less disturbing by the facts that Greeley's novels enjoy immense popularity among a largely female readership, and they are beginning to enjoy favorable commentary by women scholars who are comfortable within the confines of patriarchal categories of interpretation. Ironically, the very success of Greeley's novels bears out his thesis that Catholicism, and more broadly institutional Christianity at large, have difficulty dealing with sexuality. Alas, his prescribed cure amounts to nothing less than a newly adapted strain of the age-old disease.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREAKING THE SILENCE

KLAUS BARBIE & CHURCH DIPLOMACY

KATHLEEN McCAFFREY

Lyon, France — Once again the role of the Catholic church in World War II has emerged as a subject of controversy, this time in Lyon. Since May 11, Klaus Barbie, Gestapo chief here from November 1942 to August 1944, was on trial for crimes against humanity. On July 4 he was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Religion itself was not a theme at the Barbie trial. But the subject matter of the trial — crimes against humanity — cannot be separated from the concerns of religion, and of the Catholic church.

In the recurring silence of the courtroom, the voice of the witness breaking with emotion, the omni-presence of Catholic Lyon was palpable in the tolling bells of the nearby Cathedral of St. Jean, the seat of the archbishop of Lyon. And from the street in front of the courthouse, along the river Saône, the image of church and state, an old story in France, could not be more aptly embodied than in the towering presence of the Basilica of Notre Dame of Fourvière, built into a precipice almost directly above the Palace of Justice, where the trial was unfolding.

In the shadow of the basilica, considered the symbol of Catholic France, the question arose: In the period when Klaus Barbie was torturing even children in the cellars of his prisons and at Gestapo headquartes and deporting thousands to the death camps, what action was the church taking to prevent a human tragedy of unspeakable dimensions?

One would prefer to believe that the official church, in Rome and in France, worked to its greatest capacity to protect human lives and dignity, even in the most difficult and dangerous of circumstances. But from a variety of sources — research, court testimony, conversations with historians and citizens of Lyon, as well as current French press reports around the trial — a clearly disappointing picture emerges of church failure to speak and act forcefully and publicly at crucial moments when its opposition might have made a difference. Church action might have proved particularly effective in Lyon, the center of the French Resistance, one of the most important strategic areas in Western Europe as the war progressed, and the center of Catholicism in France.

KATHLEEN McCAFFREY *is a free-lance writer based in New York City.*

In general, the French church followed the Vatican's position. In 1928, Pope Pius XI, in a decree of the Holy Office, condemned racism and anti-Semitism. And on September 6, 1938, the pope issued, before a group of Belgian pilgrims, the now famous and often quoted statement: "Anti-Semitism is inadmissible; we are all spiritually Semites."

Overall, however, signals from the Vatican were perceived as mixed. Pope Pius XII was elected in March 1939 and thereafter adopted a course of quiet diplomacy, which amounted to his now much-discussed policy of silence.

In France, where tens of thousands of Jewish refugees had fled during the 1930s to escape the mounting danger in the East, a sensitivity to anti-Semitism and its alarming proportions sharpened. In 1938, Cardinals Verdier of Paris and Gerlier of Lyon condemned Hitlerian racism and anti-Semitism and sent messages of solidarity to the heads of the Jewish communities in France. Individuals and small groups took action. But these efforts were isolated and few.

As the internment camps established by the French collaborationist Vichy government swelled with foreign Jews by late 1940 — including women and children kept there in the most abominable circumstances — and as the intentions of the Nazis toward all Jews, foreign as well as French, were made clear, the response of the French church was mainly one of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indifference and embarrassment. "On the Catholic side, confusion was such that many people allowed themselves to be persuaded that responsibility for the disaster befalling the Jews belonged to the Jews themselves," notes François Delpech, a French Catholic historian. "The bishops of Grenoble and Chambéry, some priests, in particular in Bordeaux and Toulouse, and of course the high Catholic officials in the Vichy government publicly approved the measures taken against Jews."

In August 1940, following the German occupation of the northern zone, and in knowledge of the repressive Jewish statute soon to be passed by Vichy, defining as "Jewish" persons with a specified number of Jewish grandparents and eventually dismissing Jews from jobs and professional positions, the assembly of cardinals and archbishops met — and remained silent. In July 1941, after a section of the Interior Ministry for "Jewish Questions" had been put under the direction of Xavier Vallat, a conservative Catholic and outspoken anti-Semite, which in turn brought about the even harsher second Jewish statute, followed by a police section for "Jewish Problems," the ecclesiastical assembly again met and declared its purely religious nature. It proclaimed itself "detached from all party politics despite any appeal that may be addressed to us." At the same time, individual priests were speaking publicly against the increased repression of Jews and taking action.

In his actions and omissions, Pierre Gerlier, cardinal of Lyon during the war, represented the ambiguity of the church. As the archbishop-cardinal of Lyon also bears the title "Primate of the Gauls," Gerlier's early sympathy for the Vichy regime was particularly resonant. During the Barbie trial, Gerlier's official statement of November 18, 1940, "Pétain is France, and France is Pétain," was repeated often outside the courtroom, as well as in the French press.

Equally compromising was the case of Cardinal Gerlier's private secretary, Msgr. Charles Duquaire, who died this June 9, at the age of eighty.

Msgr. Duquaire worked for years to protect one of France's most vicious collaborators, Paul Touvier, head of intelligence for the French Milice (the French equivalent of the Gestapo) in Lyon, condemned to death in 1946 and in 1947 for treason, and again sought in the 1980s under an international arrest warrant for crimes against humanity.

Touvier was implicated notably in the assassination in January 1944 of Victor Basch, former president of the League of the Rights of Man, and his wife. The assassinations had been ordered by the Gestapo.

After the liberation, Touvier was hidden in various monasteries in the Lyon area. Later, from 1950, when Msgr. Duquaire became Cardinal Gerlier's private secretary, through a period in Rome from 1967 to 1979, when he acted as private secretary to Gerlier's successor, Cardinal Villot, named secretary of state at the Vatican, Msgr. Duquaire sought the rehabilitation of Paul Touvier.

In contrast to the Duquaire case, Cardinal Gerlier is credited with certain steps, some highly courageous, that took place after his pro-Pétain statement of 1940. In early 1942, he lent his name and support to help establish Amitié Chrétienne, an organization of Catholics and Protestants struggling to help Jews. Toward the end of the same year, he sent a letter to all the churches in his region, explaining the danger facing Jews and urging that protection be extended. Later he sheltered the Grand Rabbi of France from the Gestapo, and prevented the arrest and deportation of some fifty Jewish children. Alexandre Angeli, the prefect of Lyon and a Nazi collaborator, threatened Gerlier with arrest unless he handed over the children. He refused, and was not arrested.

During the trial of Klaus Barbie in Lyon, the issue of crimes against humanity crystallized around the arrest and deportation, ordered and supervised by Barbie, of forty-four Jewish children from a hiding place in the small farming village of Izieu, about forty-five minutes from Lyon. Early in the morning of April 6, 1944, the children were surprised at the breakfast table by German soldiers who ordered them into trucks just outside. The children arrived at the extermination camp of Auschwitz in mid-April and were sent immediately to the gas chamber. They ranged in age from three to seventeen. Two of the older boys were deported to Lithuania where they were shot.

It is from such a fate that Cardinal Gerlier saved his fifty children. And testimony at the trial revealed that other members of the clergy behaved similarly.

Sabina Zlatin, now eighty-four, a nurse dismissed from her job under the anti-Jewish laws, had devoted herself to saving children, often taking them from their mothers' arms in the internment camps. Working tirelessly, she found safety for many in private homes or in convents. And after a long search, she settled on the house in Izieu as a refuge for others.

In the period before Izieu, November 1942, as she testified at the trial, she had approached two priests for help, the Abbé Prévost and Father Chaillet, a distinguished Jesuit active in the Resistance. Without hesitation, they accepted. The Abbé Prévost told the superior of the convent welcoming the children that it was not necessary to make them attend Mass, as they were Jewish. "That went right to my heart," said Madame Zlatin.

But another witness told of church doors being closed, even to children, because they were Jewish. Leon Reifmann, who was present at Izieu the morning of the roundup and escaped by jumping out of a window, had earlier in 1942 contacted a certain Msgr. Costa de Beauregard for assistance. "But how do you expect us to mix Jewish children with non-Jewish children?" said the priest to Dr. Reifmann. He replied that in the dangerous circumstances this was perhaps not of the greatest importance. The monsignor replied that he would consider the proposal. Three days later, Dr. Reifmann received a card with a definitive "no."

The murder and the memory of the children of Izieu is of deep concern to the current successor of Cardinal Gerlier, the archbishop of Lyon, Albert Cardinal Decourtray, vice-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president of the French episcopate (and rumored to be its next president). Cardinal Decourtray is one of the church's foremost spokesmen on behalf of Jewish-Christian relations.

On the morning of June 2, Nobel Peace Prize winner Elie Wiesel, who testified later in the day at the trial as a survivor of Auschwitz where he, too, had been deported as a boy in the spring of 1944 with his family, met privately with Cardinal Decourtray. The meeting was reportedly requested by Mr. Wiesel, who had been struck by several of the cardinal's statements. Some days earlier, the cardinal had evoked the memory of the children of Izieu. Speaking of the contemporary necessity to struggle against despair without hiding from reality, he had said: "I do not believe that an adult can achieve the state of true theological hope if he refuses to contemplate the forty-four children of Izieu, deported and burned — as were about a million others in the Nazi death camps."

Late in the afternoon of June 5, Klaus Barbie was brought into the courtroom to be identified by witnesses who had not done so earlier. By now his presence there was unimportant — even unwanted. What had been told in the preceding, unbelievable weeks had been told in the intimacy of a courtroom without Barbie.

The cracking of bones in repeated beatings; torture by near drowning in ice water; the pulling out of fingernails; sexual torture of young girls: all the anguish of interrogation in specially equipped rooms by laughing, often drunken SS.

The endless voyage in sealed cattle cars and the nightmare of the death camps: of nakedness and frostbite in winter, disease, filth, slow starvation; of babies grabbed from their mothers' arms by soldiers in black boots; of newborns drowned or thrown alive into the fire; of the separation of children and parents at the selection; of the lines leading to the gas chambers, the constantly smoking crematoria, the smell of burnt flesh everywhere.

All told without Barbie, and when he entered a shiver ran through the hall. An unwanted presence, something evil from which the entire assembly seemed to recoil together.

The witnesses accused him of tortures. "*Nichts zu sagen.*" Nothing to say, replied Barbie.

Pierre Truche, the general prosecutor, rose. "I would like," he began, "to speak of another Barbie, the Barbie of 1933, a young man of twenty years of age, who spoke movingly of the death of his father, and who — as a young Catholic — had even devoted himself to others, visiting prisons, full of respect then, it seems, for human dignity. How was this young man, this other Barbie, to become the hardened SS we know? What happened between 1933 and 1937, when he had become deeply impressed by the wave of national socialism? You should answer me, Klaus Barbie, for you know that my question is not only the key to this trial, but also the key to your life." With this, the audience froze. Would he recall his Catholic upbringing? His desire, at one time, to become a priest . . . ?

Barbie declined to reply.

SCREEN

SLOW & BURNING

'MY LIFE,' 'FLORETTE,' & 'WITCHES'

My Life as a Dog is an amusing Swedish coming-of-age story. It suffers slightly from an ironic sentimentality familiar from recent European films like *My Sweet Little Village*; indeed, some scenes of jolly bonhomie among rural folk could be xeroxes. But the sentiment of *My Life* is always kept in control by the acting of Anton Glanzelius as ten-year-old Ingemar—mischievous, imaginative, and resourceful in facing difficulties, especially his mother's tuberculosis. His proneness to creating disasters is as endearing as his wit in escaping their consequences.

My Life is flavored by some rustic scenes of Swedish village life in 1961, complete with colorful old wood barns and a grimy glassworks that provides the town's one industry. Ingemar must go to his uncle, who works there, when his mother becomes progressively more ill. He gets to meet a crew of country eccentrics: old Ardvisson, who has Ingemar read him lingerie catalogs; old Fransson, who works incessantly on his roof; and a grandfather who rigs up a play "spaceship" for the local children. The nostalgia here verges on the saccharine but evades it.

A slyer subtext involves Ingemar's search for a mother. In flashback he humors her through storytelling; in the country, we see him work out his sense of loss while maturing from childhood to adolescence. At times he pursues Berit, a buxom older blond who takes him along as a chaperone when she models a nude statue for the local sculptor (aptly, the work will be named "Ur-Mother"). He also plays with a tomboy caught in her own sexual conflict between wearing boxing gloves or floral dresses.

Weaving these threads, director Lasse Halstrom traces a network of psychological forces, weak only when he underplays the real suffering a child feels when he loses a parent. Ingemar's love of his dog is treated with similar strengths and defects. In both the child's fantasies and some hilarious canine imitations, however, the film's title is fully explained and nicely fulfilled.

Jean de Florette is the first of two films based on novels by the neorealist filmmaker, Marcel Pagnol. After retiring from cinema, Pagnol wrote the novel *L'eau des collines*, which director Claude Berri has tranformed into this film and one to come, *Manon des Sources*. Together, they garnered eight Cesar nominations.

Jean de Florette is beautiful, rich, full, and flat. Berri has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

updated neorealism as a tribute to Pagnol, but he creates a static, slow *feel* which many viewers will sense no ideology can excuse. As a theory, neorealism is relatively benign, and in the 1930s provided a helpful corrective to the rigidities of "pure" cinema of the Russian formalists and German expressionists, eager to dissociate film from any dependence on literature or theater. Against "the ruthless rejection of past genres" and other such modernist foamings at the mouth, neorealism preserved liberty of thought about film. It stressed character, dialogue, and the illusion of reality from careful *mise en scéne*; it gave power to writers or actors working in long takes, not editors or directors at montage. Who cannot approve? Neorealism at least had the merit of routing the cant of "pure" cinema to that most close-minded of institutions, the academy, where it remains a sign of the true devotees' intolerance of contamination by reality.

Still, as reaction, neorealism shares with "pure" cinema a common error, neglect of suspense. Neorealism is better termed neonaturalism; its plot technique is not Balzac's but that of another author invoked early in *Jean* by the hopeful title character (Gerard Depardieu). Provence, he says, eyes rapt at its spring beauty, is "the paradise of Zola"—a line as subtle as serving iced tea at the bon voyage of the *Titanic*. A farmland struggle follows—between man and man and man and nature—but often at a wooden pace, weighted with an air of fatality heavier than summer drought. Berri worked on Polanski's *Tess*, where Hardy pressed lessons like Zola's; they made a similarly beautiful, slow film.

Some have compared *Jean de Florette* with *Martin Guerre*, that classic of rural, late medieval France. Some elements are comparable, especially scenes in which you experience the feel and texture of things, see the vivid colors and harsh light, and taste Provence's arid wind as salt on the tongue. But Depardieu is asked to play a role only half like his performance in *Martin Guerre*. Again he plays an enthusiast, equipped with far more brainpower than the bumpkins around him, allowing him to display his gifts as a passionate dreamer. But Depardieu now plays a fool, not a knave. He's a hunchbacked city slicker who inherits a farm but aims too high with it. His "scientific" plans are not only jeopardized by the soil, but neighborly greed. His pathetic vulnerability earns our sympathy, not our involvement.

As evildoers, Yves Montand and Daniel Auteuil are credible, but lack complexity. Auteuil enriches the plot with traces of guilt over gulling Depardieu, who regards him as a best friend. He also gets comedy from malapropisms such as mistaking Depardieu's desire for "authentic farming" for a plan to raise "othentics." But the laughs seem small potatoes, and, after drought, little rain.

Marie Ponsot

Not This Year

She had gardened her body
It goes pruned
about her earnest business
The wound
she has sustained she sustains.
She commutes
from her hot world and its
tame brutes
to her office where her wits
domesticate
wild thoughts that taken pains
escalate.

Gardeners may prune
(that's a bright tune).
Gardeners must prune
(that's a frightened tune).

The Witches of Eastwick is here, Jack Nicolson is back! The genius madcap! The greying bad boy! The one and only, his cackle primed for manic wickedness, his devilish eyebrows raised in anticipation of naughty romps! How original! How new! How much range for an actor! Unholy cow! We'd better all get in line right now just to show how hip, how rebellious, how nonconformist we are! Jack Nicolson as—Satan!

Actually, Nicolson pegs himself better: he's "an average horny little devil" come to spook one of those clean-white-picket-fence-and-tall-Congregational-church-New-England-towns. The line is truly contemporary; in our imagination, how the mighty have fallen! Gone are the heights of Miltonic sublime; gone Marlowe's Mephistopheles and Goethe's super-sly master of irony; gone even is the banality of Nazi evil in Karl Maria Brandeur's 1984 *Mephisto*; all we are left with is the plain vulgarity. Perhaps, considering what Jack Nicolson could have done with his career, it isn't just Satan who has done some falling. But the creative urge to challenge Hollywood never seems as strong, for the pseudo-Rebel, as the temptation to surrender the Self to It.

To be fair, Nicolson has a certain amount of bawdy energy. I laughed, maybe, oh, say, four times. It would be easy to dismiss the rest as a joke, if it weren't so bad. The story concerns three lonely—one widowed, one deserted, one divorced—and beautiful women (Cher, Susan Sarandon, Michelle Pfeiffer) and their longing for some exciting, perfect man to enter their lives. In human masquerade, You-Know-Who shows up, as if (unexplained) their wish were his desire. Mysteriously purchasing a luxury mansion (which has several conflicting, unresolved pasts in its closets), he satisfies their every amatory and gustatory whim; he tells them how exploited they've been while exploiting them to the nth degree. But the girls love his manliness, menus, and camp sense of play; trouble only arises when another local woman—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed, one of the local "church ladies"—(Veronica Cartwright) smells a rat (how is yet another mystery).

Director George Miller (of the *Mad Max* opera) and screenwriter Michael Cristofer don't know what to make of all this. Or maybe each other. They seem to be working at cross-purposes. At times, it seemed there was genuine satiric potential in the screenplay; more often, all comic seriousness is exploded into that new sure-fire crowd pleaser, the adult cartoon (cf. not just *Mad Max* but *Ghostbusters*, *Legal Eagles*, *The Untouchables*). In the film's middle, diverse ingredients of a well concocted, compound satire— on male chauvinism, on feminism, and on puritanism—simmer in an unsteady brew, only to be blown sky-high in the last half by Yet Another Apocalypse. It stars, not character, but that recent Black Hole of American cinema, Industrial Light and Magic of San Mateo, California. (Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!) Perhaps Updike, author of the source, was able to fuse the satire and slapstick with his deft, ambiguous word processor; at least he pulls off the trick in a story called "A & P." But the final hour here is a disaster.

One other ingredient deserves comment and censure. Gratuitous and digusting sadism is generated at the Cartwright character; she is presented (again incoherently) as a Phyllis Schlafly type (with the proper WASP name of Felicia Alden), then killed off maliciously. Her treatment passes beyond slapstick to what Nietzsche called the "festivity of cruelty." The audience liked it; I suppose the media has made public cruelty a vogue. If so, we have something truly satanic on our hands.

TOM O'BRIEN

BOOKS

From erosion to avalanche

THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND
Allan Bloom
Simon and Schuster, $18.95, 392 pp.

Dennis O'Brien

It is somewhat embarrassing to agree with such a disagreeable book. Much of what Professor Bloom says about everything from Rock 'n Roll to Rousseau strikes me as "on the mark," but for all that the book has a rambling, grumbling tone that left me saying: "Now wait a darn minute . . . ."

As to agreement: I agree with the first sentence. "There is one thing a professor can be absolutely certain of; almost every student entering the university believes, or says he believes [Bloom has not discovered "he or she"] that truth is relative." Having taught Plato's *Republic* (in the Allan Bloom translation) last year, I cannot fault the observation.

The argument of the next 391 pages details the causes and the consequences of this modern relativism. It is assured relativism that brings about the *closing* of the American mind.

Although relativism appears at first blush — and Bloom doubts that anyone bothers to blush these days — to be marvelously "open" to all manner of beliefs and lives, relativism turns out to be as empty as it is open. Believing in nothing closes the mind to argument and so all talk and teaching becomes decorous chatter. We live in an age of wallpaper philosophy.

Having stated the basic thesis, Bloom goes on to elaborate a very interesting, subtle, and wandering set of observations about how modern philosophy has led to this impasse of open-mindedness. A variety of philosophers from Hobbes to Heidegger is considered in relation to the question of the human community and the commonality of truth. If there is a protagonist in this array it is Nietzsche who, Bloom argues, was the one philosopher to take relativism seriously. If there is no God — or truth, or beauty — humanity has to make up those things as it goes along. The whole enterprise of modern philosophy is contrasted to Plato and Aristotle and is viewed as conspiring toward gradual erosion of the classical sense of truth and rationality. Nietzsche was serious when he attacked Socrates as corrupter of humankind. Worse thoughts for worse living through rationality.

The beginning and end of Bloom's book go to the specifics of the subtitle: "How higher education has failed democracy and impoverished the souls of today's students." Again, I find much room for agreement. Bloom says, "About the sixties it is now fashionable to say that although there were indeed excesses, many good things resulted. But so far as universities are concerned, I know of nothing positive coming from that period; it was an unmitigated disaster for them." I give that complaint a muttered Amen.

My agreement runs along the lines of Bloom's critique. It is the insufferable dogmatism of radical thought that is such an unmitigated disaster. Given a choice of dogmatisms between revolutionary radicals and Ratzinger, I would choose the cardinal two to one. Ratzinger is, after all, stuck with at least two thousand years of history and argument. Any ingenious deviant should be able to find some tissue of proof to support a position. But the supposition of the sixties' radicals was that history was bad bunk — only the future contains truth and beauty. Since the one thing we know about the future is that it is not, it is difficult to argue with the non-existent.

If I give only a muttered Amen to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bloom's sour assessment of the sixties, it is because I do not believe he pays enough attention to some of the liberation which did occur — particularly in the area of race relations. Racial oppression was so wicked and recalcitrant in society that even the openness of relativism may be an acceptable price for unclosing the system. Relativism is a *very* high price, however, and in the long run it is no friend of tolerance and a truly open society. Sometimes cultures do pay for their sins.

Despite my general acquiescence in the bulk of Bloom's comments, I finally think that there is a fundamental error in his analysis that calls into question the whole jeremiad. The clue to Bloom's basic misperception is in the following interesting observation: "Contrary to the popular prejudice that America is a nation of unintellectual and anti-intellectual people, where ideas are at best means to ends, America is nothing but a great stage on which theories have been played as tragedy and comedy." That is a profound half-truth. Every time I visit New York City I am reminded of a line from Saul Bellow (who wrote the Foreword for *The Closing of the American Mind*). At one point a bewildered Mr. Sammler exclaims that New York is a "metaphysical zoo." Indeed, it would seem that every variety of human lifestyle from Adam Smith to the Marquis de Sade is strutting somewhere in the Borough of Manhattan. Fabulous.

If you teach philosophy year in and year out, as Prof. Bloom and I do, one might be enthralled by the notion of America as a playground of fundamental ideologies. It rather makes our labors seem downright important. But my suspicion is that it is *only* play-acting. If Bloom is correct about the relativistic soul, then it *must* be play-acting. New York is great philosophy redone as high fashion. But if that is the case, is Bloom's laborious lamentation on the sins of the youth and the senseless curricula of their universities entirely apposite? It is true that my students last fall were absolutely relativistic. It was also true thirty years ago when I first taught the *Republic* and, I gather from the content of Plato's dialogues, relativism was the besetting temptation of the Athenian young who flocked to the house of Protagoras.

Socrates (Bloom's hero) believed that the real nature of things (the Forms) compels our thought no matter how lousy the local curriculum. (If you are a Freudian, sex is the Form that compels your thought.) Thus, the empty-minded, relativist, young dogmatists of Athens could be viewed with some hope — they were not reduced to being victims of bad philosophy. If humanity (including American students) were solely projections of the state of current pop philosophies, Bloom's screed against the professors might hold. Fortunately (or unfortunately) for philosophy teachers, "there are more things in heaven and earth . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

WADING INTO TIDES OF TRANSITION

WOMEN'S WAYS OF KNOWING
THE DEVELOPMENT OF SELF, VOICE, AND MIND

Mary Field Belenky, Blythe McVicker Glinchy, Nancy Rule Goldberger, and Jill Mattuck Tarule

Basic Books, $19.95, 256 pp.

SURVIVING SEXUAL CONTRADICTIONS
A STARTLING AND DIFFERENT LOOK AT A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CONTEMPORARY WOMAN

Muriel Dimen

Macmillan, $19.95, 257 pp.

Jo-Ann Mort

It is by now an open secret that women's entry into the work world has not been an easy one. Moreover, it hasn't been the grand dance toward equality that many feminists either thought or preached it would be. One must admit — as a feminist — that all things considered, woman's lot in 1986 is not significantly better than it was in 1956 or 1966.

Still, now that we have arrived, to what have we arrived and how will we both transform the workplace, while transforming the world of family and home? These are the pressing questions as feminists enter the next phase of feminism — called "post-feminism" by critics of the women's movement.

In addition to current tactical and real-politik issues is the overriding and more elusive issue, now hotly debated among the scholars, of whether there is, in fact, a female way of being. Whether one lines up on the side of biology or socialization, as these two books show, the question of a female or male way of being cannot be avoided in this time of flux. These books put forth several shared assumptions, though their conclusions are radically different.

One assumption is that women have more problems with authority than do men. This includes both taking charge and taking orders. Second, women's lack of self-esteem is more pronounced than is men's, which makes for a lot of second-guessing in the workplace. Third, women's sexuality is still confusing for women as it certainly is for men when dealing in a professional situation. Fourth, the murkier and in many ways critical issue, is whether women are inherently gentler, kinder, or in an abstract manner, more moral, than are men. Or have men simply been tarnished by their years in the trenches?

Women's Ways of Knowing attempts to discover how a woman's self-perception evolves through time. While the authors, all psychologists, make use of several psychological works on moral development, their primary model is William Perry, who developed a model for using a sequence of epistemological perspectives called "positions," where subjects learn about diversity and relations with authority by seeing the world, ultimately, as in-relation to the see-er.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The authors interviewed thirty-five women who were either students in college (progressive, elite, and community colleges) or clients of social service agencies. They paid particular attention to women's maternal practice, since mothering has been the traditional female role.

The book raises many of the questions relevant to the debate over changing sex roles. For instance, historically, women have maintained a silent, passive role. Is this a pattern that can be broken? Can women, who traditionally have looked for authority beyond themselves, trust their own decisions to be valid? Are women inherently consensus-oriented? Are women inherently anti-hierarchical? Are men inherently hierarchical? Are women inherently "selfless," more willing to devote themselves — almost unthinkingly — to others, as Carol Gilligan and other social scientists have asserted? Do women care more for the connection between home and workplace? Are they less interested or willing to break down the home/work barriers than are men?

The authors believe women are oriented by subjective knowing, or what is more familiarly known as "women's intuition." As they point out, women who are stuck in this subjectivist mode are at a disadvantage in a world that is more dependent on rational thought. The authors' acceptance of a "cultural feminism" — that is, a feminism based on the uniqueness of femaleness or on unchanging, gender specific characteristics of women — would seem to guarantee that women's disadvantages will remain permanent.

Not surprisingly, the authors find that women who come from middle- to upper-middle-class backgrounds enter more easily into what is known in Perry's construct as "multiplism" — or acceptance of a diversity of opinions. However, women are still more overwhelmed by their choices than are men, who are more used to validating their own opinions. The authors also found that women struggling for strong identities often rejected family, spouses, and heterosexual relationships. This makes sense in a time of tremendous transition.

It also seemed true that women have, in the past, been more clued in to "small truths," that is, gossip or particular personal concerns, which again makes sense considering their socialization. The question is whether or not this is endemic to the gender.

The authors touch ever-so-briefly on a distinction Simone de Beauvoir made in the 1950s which seems apt still today, namely, the traits women hold under oppression and under liberation. Viewed in this way, it is no surprise that many of the manifestations of womanhood coincide with the more passive victim than with the hierarchical aggressor. But this paradigm cautions us to wait until the situation stabilizes (and it is beginning to stabilize) before we assign permanent status to female or male traits.

Surviving Sexual Contradictions is an explication of a mythical day in the life of a professional woman, in this case a university professor and therapist. The prototype seems fairly similar to the actual author who is an anthropologist. The mythical subject is culturally bound by her life on Manhattan's Upper West Side, vaguely leftist, counter-cultural, well educated, cosmopolitan, and in her late thirties. While the author claims that this particular prototype has universal application, I'm not so sure.

Still, the book, while unwieldy in form and execution, is a clever exercise in helping to clarify where women are in this ambiguous time. It contains a useful and detailed bibliography, which not only lists books and articles, but briefly outlines many of the major arguments in the women's movement since the 1960s.

Interspliced with the fictional occurrences of the day are the author's semi-detached observations. These serve to assess where women — or at least this woman — have arrived after the rebellious feats of the last few decades.

The author is committed, as are many feminists, to the intertwining of the personal and the political. "There is a profound relationship between the personal and the political, between private and public life, between individual experience and culture," Ms. Dimen writes. "If you go deeply enough into one, you come upon the other." She seeks "to restore the balance between the extremes" in this book, equalizing the influence of the personal over the political and vice versa. She is particularly concerned with how our society makes objects out of women, and spends time discussing the influence of sexual attraction on women's role in the workplace.

Today's "second wave" of feminism, says Dimen, includes an acceptance of woman's sexuality. It's okay to be attractive, though that acceptance leads to inevitable clashes between the sexes. Where corporate women began their entry into the workplace dressed like men, they have now adapted their attire a bit. Sexual harassment, though, is a problem in the professional workplace, and for women it is still difficult to be taken seriously separate from being seen as a sex object. In blue-collar jobs, where women don't have the luxury of dressing for success, but where they are now entering traditionally male bastions as firefighters and sanitation workers, sexual harassment is a serious problem.

Dimen agrees with the authors of *Women's Ways of Knowing* that women — the traditional nurturers — have informed the way in which we live today through their maternal role. But in contrast to primates, Dimen asserts that in humans "sexuality becomes essentially free of biological determinants." In other words, biology is not necessarily destiny.

Another side of the biology-is-destiny argument is that women can (and perhaps ought to) neutralize their femininity through a feminist vision of androgyny. Whether this once hoped for result is desirable at all, as many once thought — and some perhaps still do — is highly questionable. And as Dimen points out, what has in fact happened is that women's altered view of femininity and sexuality has informed men and allowed men a freer image too. We see this in the increased attention paid to men's dress and in their increased role in nontraditional settings.

Dimen asserts that "cultural feminism therefore returns sexuality to the fold of gender, leaving the field of women's desire where it has always been, in patriarchal hands." Until nurturers are given equal status in society, women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who remain solely in that role will not be equal. The other real choice, the correct one I think, in agreement with Dimen, is a more "fluid" vision, one that, after this incredible tide of transition subsides a bit, will have taken the best that has been male and the best that has been female to create a new being.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT STRATEGY

PEACE IN A NUCLEAR AGE

THE BISHOPS' PASTORAL LETTER IN PERSPECTIVE

Edited by Charles J. Reid, Jr.

Catholic University, $44.95, $18.95 paper, 426 pp.

Edward Doherty

In their 1983 pastoral letter, *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response*, the Catholic bishops of the United States were responding to the challenge of Vatican II "to undertake a completely fresh reappraisal of war." Such a reappraisal, they wrote, would require "a developed theology of peace which should ground the task of peacemaking solidly in the biblical vision of the kingdom of God" and "place it centrally in the ministry of the church." They offered the pastoral letter as a "first step" and began with "a sketch of the biblical conception of peace."

Many readers, of whom I am one, were disappointed. The biblical conception of peace as the bishops presented it made up the first substantive section of the pastoral letter (I A), "Peace and the Kingdom," but by the time the reader got to the sections dealing with "The Use of Nuclear Weapons" (II C) and "Deterrence in Principle and Practice" (II D) there was scarcely a glimpse of the biblical vision still around.

No wonder one of the contributors to this volume, Edward N. Luttwak (a strategist, not a Scripture scholar) wondered why the bishops chose not "to regain a certain closeness with the original revelation but decided instead to intrude into the complicated domain of strategy, deterrence, and arms control." Luttwak seems to think that the Christian revelation forbids the taking of life. And so it did for the earliest Christian writers of the ante-Nicene period, Tertullian and Origen especially.

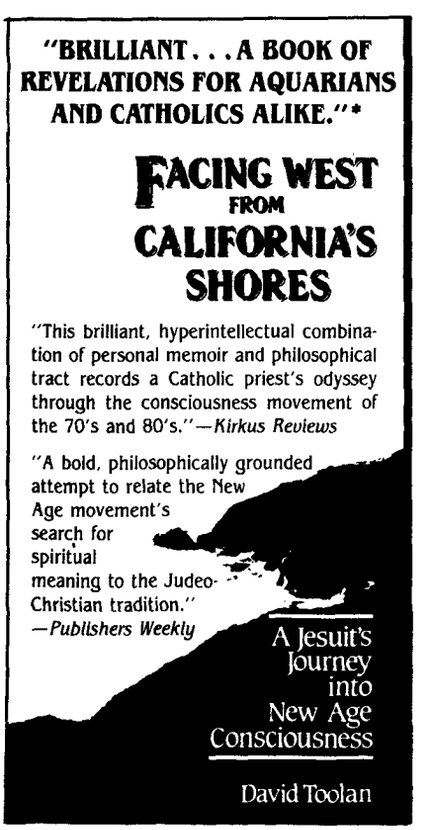
But then things changed. Erich Segal, reviewing Robin Lane Fox's *Pagans and Christians* in *Book World* (Feb. 8, 1987) calls Constantine's conversion "arguably the single most important fact in the shaping of the modern world." That could also be said about the shaping of the Christian teaching on war. After Constantine embraced the faith and Christians began to enter the mainstream of the Roman military culture, killing in defense of the empire became acceptable. Augustine appeared on the scene to argue the case of *necessitas*, as Catholic leaders have done ever since.

All of this is set forth in vivid detail in Part I, "The Tradition of the Church," of Charles Reid's collection of twenty-four essays, by and large the best of the half-dozen or more such collected commentaries on the 1983 pastoral letter. The bishops' new committee, established at their 1985 general meeting to assess the moral status of deterrence, might find a careful reading of these essays helpful in correcting some of the mistakes made in their earlier effort.

For example, Quentin Quesnell's "Hermeneutical Prolegomena to a Pastoral Letter" suggests that the failure to make the biblical vision clearly relevant to the moral choices of the nuclear age was a failure of hermeneutics. The bishops, Quesnell argues, did not ask the kind of questions that would have enabled them to grasp and convey the central thrust of the Gospel vision of peace.

That vision, according to Louis J. Swift ("Search the Scriptures") fell victim to "the political, social, and religious developments that were initiated by the advent of Constantine." St. Augustine mediated a "middle ground in which the legitimate claims and inherent limits of both the civil and the religious traditions were recognized . . . *Necessitas* was an inescapable dimension of living in a world that acknowledged Christian principles and yet remained imperfect." The arguments for Christian participation in war that Tertullian had rejected "are here put forth (Augustine's letter to the Roman general, Boniface) as precedents for justifying such action." Because of Augustine, Scripture could no longer "settle the issue of violence and war for the early Christian." Christian pacifism could be moribund until revived by the Waldenses in the twelfth century and taken up during and after the Reformation by the "historic peace" churches. For Catholics, conscientious objection to war was "morally indefensible" until the Second Vatican Council.

Consequently, according to medievalist Frederick H. Russell ("The His-


"BRILLIANT . . . A BOOK OF REVELATIONS FOR AQUARIANS AND CATHOLICS ALIKE."*
FACING WEST FROM CALIFORNIA'S SHORES
"This brilliant, hyperintellectual combination of personal memoir and philosophical tract records a Catholic priest's odyssey through the consciousness movement of the 70's and 80's."—Kirkus Reviews
"A bold, philosophically grounded attempt to relate the New Age movement's search for spiritual meaning to the Judeo-Christian tradition."
—Publishers Weekly
A Jesuit's Journey into New Age Consciousness
David Toolan
At your bookstore, or call 1-800-638-3030

The Crossroad Publishing Company
370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torical Perspective of the Bishops' Letter"), the "just war became the only game in town." According to the pastoral letter the moral theory of the just war is still important. "The just-war argument has taken several forms in the history of Catholic theology," says the pastoral (5.82), "but [the] Augustinian insight is its central promise." No mention here that one of the forms was able to justify the holy wars of the Crusades, probably because, as Russell remarks, crusading is no longer morally viable. Still, one might detect the cultural relics of the holy war in the cold war attitudes of some American Catholics and Christian fundamentalists.

In the twentieth century, the letter tells us, "papal teaching has used the logic of Augustine and Aquinas." This statement suggests that Catholic teaching today, unable or unwilling to make sense of revelation, consists mainly of papal and conciliar statements about discrimination and proportionality. This is readily apparent from any careful reading of the pastoral letter. One can safely assume, however, that future episcopal efforts to refine and extend Catholic teaching on war will not concentrate exclusively on just-war theories. It is also not likely, under the present pope, that such efforts will involve much time spent with the Gospels because in that direction lies the temptation of Christian pacifism and unilateral nuclear disarmament. The essence of papal teaching on war today is the admonition, endlessly repeated, that the two superpowers and other nuclear states should get together to negotiate agreements to outlaw and eliminate nuclear weapons.

A number of essays in this collection other than those mentioned are assessments of the pastoral letter from the perspective of other contemporary faiths, e.g. Jewish (Arthur Waskow); Orthodox (Stanley Harakas); Protestant (Alan Geyer); and the historic peace churches (John Howard Yoder). Others are from Catholic commentators whose views are already well known such as Michael Novak, Bryan Hehir, Peter Henriot, George Weigel, and Francis Winter. Harakas, Geyer and James Boyle assess the moral acceptability of nuclear deterrence in ways that should interest the members of the bishops *ad hoc* committee on deterrence.

Yoder's essay amounts to a critical exegesis of the pastoral letter which exquisitely faults the letter on its christology, ecclesiology, and historiography. He is particularly severe on the letter's attempt to address the faith community, secular society, and government with the same moral discourse. He also objects (as do many others including this reviewer and some bishops) to the distinction which accepts nonviolence as an option for individual persons but excludes it as an option for the community. Yoder holds this distinction to be without any scriptural or theological basis.

Cathy Adlesic valiantly addresses the success the bishops have had in placing the "task of peace-making centrally in the ministry of the church." The efforts have been praiseworthy but few Catholics in the pews can honestly say the task has been accomplished. A great deal of time and effort has gone into educational programs in Catholic colleges and universities and in certain dioceses; meanwhile, Catholics of college age are flocking to the military academies.

What is and promises for some time to be central in the ministry of the American church is the protection of fetal life. One prominent archbishop has explained that fetuses are being killed now; death from nuclear war is in the future and may never come. Still, one would have hoped that peace advocacy could have gotten as much billing as the pro-life cause or the new and worthy campaign for "Economic Justice for All." But evidently the bishops are not yet agreed on what kind of peace to advocate.

IN THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS

COMMUNION

Whitley Strieber

Morrow/Beech Tree Books, $17.95, 299 pp.

Michael Zeik

"Not only is the universe stranger than we suppose, but stranger than we *can* suppose." These are not the words of Mark, Luke, or Thomas Aquinas, but of J.B.S. Haldane, eminent twentieth-century scientist. I believe them. In fact, I am in every way disposed, by temperament (imaginative), and intellectual proclivity (a devotee of space exploration) to take seriously this book about extraterrestrial contact.

But I don't. Even though it is currently in first place on the *New York Times* Best Sellers list for *non*-fiction, mind you; and has been for the last fifteen weeks. Even though Dr. Bruce Maccabee, U.S. Navy research physicist has spoken highly of it; as have Brian O'Leary, space scientist and former astronaut, and David Webb, member of the National Committee on Space. (I'm not even telling you not to buy the book; switch it from the nonfiction to the fiction list, and it may be worth its price.)

Communion is the account of the author's successive contacts with "Visitors" — voyagers from either another planet or a "parallel universe." The visitations, sometimes disguised in the past as myths and fairy tales, Strieber believes, have been going on for centuries; but their tempo has picked up remarkably in our own dangerous era. What sets this book apart from others in the genre, is that its author is a professional, with considerable intellectual sophistication — a lawyer, a writer, a man who knows his way around Freud, Meister Eckhart, Celtic fairy tales, and the rudiments of astrophysics.

On the night of December 26, 1985, his family asleep, Strieber asserts he was awakened to find a strange being stand-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing in the doorway of his bedroom. Terrified, he lost consciousness. The next thing he remembers, he found himself naked and paralyzed in the middle of some woods, in the custody of three of these beings. The author then alleges he was transported above the trees and ushered into a small grey room, where he was subjected to several probing medical procedures. His raw fear brought him, he believes, close to death.

Returned to his home, Strieber says he blocked out all these events from his mind for several days. But the memory suddenly surfaced, and he "just about exploded with terror and utter disbelief"; following which, recollections of similar episodes in his childhood began to penetrate his consciousness. In an effort to determine whether something extraordinary had really happened to him, or whether he was losing his sanity, he sought the aid of Dr. Donald Klein, director of research of the N.Y. State Psychiatric Institute.

After undergoing repeated interrogation involving hypnosis, he was assured by Dr. Klein that he was free of psychosis, and mood or personality disorders. He was then examined by a member of the N.Y. Polygraph Society, Ned Laurendi, who found no evidence of conscious deception. The author's wife and houseguests, by the way, claim to have seen a strange light and heard a loud noise on the night of December 26, although they did not see the Visitors; his child, he claims, either saw or dreamt about them.

Why my extreme reluctance to accept this story?

In working out some kind of calculus of credibility, I noted the following: from 1977 to 1983, Strieber was the author of several "imaginative thrillers," which were later made into movies. (Believe me, this one will be also.) In addition to these thrillers, he had spent the last three years working on books about nuclear war and environmental collapse. (One of his Visitors presented him with a vision of the world blowing up.) The psychiatrist he chose was known to be sympathetic to persons reporting contacts with Aliens. Polygraph tests are not conclusive.

Less significant, but interesting to me, was his description of the Aliens, themselves. It flashed upon me that if I were writing a science-fiction novel, this might be the very way I would imagine them: small bodies, large bald heads; huge slanted eyes (more than oriental); bodily movement mechanical, almost insect-like; voice quality "electronic," with a flat, midwest, toneless accent. To my mind these were Sears Roebuck Aliens; truth ought to be *stranger* than fiction! Why two eyes, two arms, and two legs for creatures who evolved in another solar system — let alone a "parallel universe"?

Real or imagined, however, there were a couple of ideas in the book that intrigued me. For example, not only were the Visitors insect-like in their movements, but even their minds seemed to operate on the principles of the "hive." The author conjectured that their species possessed one "single, enormous mind," which, even though millions of years older and far wiser than

Confronting the Color Line
The Broken Promise of the Civil Rights Movement in Chicago
Alan B. Anderson and George W. Pickering

"A most engrossing treatment of the civil rights movement in Chicago in the mid-1970s. . . . The great strength of this work is the insistence on the centrality of the moral dimension involved in racism and the conflicting interpretations of social justice and religious imperatives in a city dominated by Catholic politicians dealing with Bible Belt black Protestants"—*Washington Book Review.*
Illustrated $40.00 cloth; $17.95 paper

To Redeem the Soul of America
The Southern Christian Leadership Conference and Martin Luther King, Jr.
Adam Fairclough

Peering beyond the towering figure of Martin Luther King, Jr., to reveal the full workings of the organization that supported him, Adam Fairclough examines the role of such strong-willed strategists as Andrew Young, James Bevel, and Wyatt Walker in building a bridge from the black proletariat to the halls of Congress and the White House.
Illustrated $35.00 cloth; $17.95 paper

Federal Law and Southern Order
Racial Violence and Constitutional Conflict in the Post-Brown South
Michal Belknap

Probing the federal government's failure to respond to the racial violence that raged through the South in the wake of *Brown*, Michal Belknap shows that only after white southerners themselves suppressed the night riding and terrorism that threatened to plunge their region into anarchy did Washington move to protect the constitutional rights of blacks.
Illustrated $35.00

The University of Georgia Press
Athens, Georgia 30602

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human minds, actually seemed to work more slowly than our own. Indeed, terrified though he was of them, he felt they were also in some fear of our own individual quick-silver minds, so unpredictable and potentially dangerous.

Another interesting suggestion was that even if his reported experiences had no physical reality, he somehow conferred reality upon them by experiencing them. (The analogy is with quantum physics, where the very act of observation enters into the reality of the phenomenon observed.) Thus, he suggests, "the corridor into our world" for these Visitors, "could be in a very true sense through our own minds." My query: in this fashion wouldn't *every* human hallucination then enjoy the same kind of quantum-reality?

In my own mind, I came up with two possible scenarios to explain what transpired in the writing of this best seller. The first is my "Hubbard hypothesis." Like the writer, Ron Hubbard, the founder of "Scientology," who, as I have heard, announced beforehand that it should be possible to invent a religion that could make him lots of money, and then *did* it, this writer of thrillers and prophet of global destruction, Whitley Strieber, is now also laughing all the way to the bank.

My second scenario is less cynical, and is the one I would prefer to believe. A thousand years ago, as Europe approached the first millennium, the continent was swept by waves of hysteria in anticipation of the end of the world. We are now thirteen years from the second millennium. Within days after the recent Chernobyl disaster, an apocalyptic thrill shivered through "atheistic" Russia: Chernobyl is slavic for "Wormwood," the name of the star which, according to the Book of Revelations, is destined to poison a third of the earth's waters shortly before the destruction of the world. According to my second scenario, we can expect many books like *Communion* in the next thirteen years.

Strieber, of course, disclaims any such hysteria and makes it clear that he has long since doused the "burning fire" of his adolescent Catholicism. It is true that he considers religion basically irrelevant to his experiences, since, he says, it could not "penetrate that depth." I recall, however, Carl Jung's observation made some forty years ago. The psychologist speculated that as modern man more and more dismissed religion, there would be more and more sightings of UFOs. Rational beings, he warned, cannot abide cosmic claustrophobia; there is a human need for an open universe, a human need for infinity.

IN BRIEF

MEDITATION IN MOTION, *by Susan Annette Muto, Doubleday. $5.95. 140 pp.*

In recent books on "Centering Prayer" there is an emphasis on faithful adherence to meditation in the privacy of one's room or some appropriate haven — at a set time, or times, each day. The author of this slim paperback also advocates this rewarding practice. But she is primarily concerned with the various opportunities this busy world provides to deepen our consciousness, to raise our hearts to our Creator all day long. Whatever the happening, elating or disturbing or as simple a blank interval as waiting in some line, it gives us a chance to reawaken our awareness of God. That is her chief message. Hence some readers may find this encouraging appeal more of a sure-fire recipe for that desideratum, "peace of mind," than a full-fledged instruction on how to devote those regular intervals of time to call upon, or listen for, the presence of God.

E.S.S.

IRON & SILK, *by Mark Salzman, Random House, $16.95, 211 pp.*

By telling with little or no commentary the thirty best stories he could cull from his two-year teaching stint at Hunan Medical College, China, Mark Salzman has created a sometimes hilarious, often touching, always enjoyable first book that reads like a novel.

Salzman is an exceptional young man. A Yale graduate Phi Beta Kappa, he speaks fluent Mandarin and Cantonese, is a renowned martial artist, a cellist, and appears to have a natural flair for writing. His daily regimen while teaching English in Changsha included *Wushu* and *taiji*, calligraphy lessons, and advanced Chinese studies. But most unusual is that Salzman had the modesty and skill to remain in the background of his own tale in order to show just how remarkable is each of his Chinese characters: Old Ding, the friendly fisherman; Teacher Wu and her broken piano; Teacher Wei, his Chinese tutor; and Master Pan, the "Iron Fist" boxer.

Through Salzman's eyes we see a country where the political system stifles the people and mires them in bureaucracy. Yet at the same time, we are shown a culture that values hospitality, personal discipline, and family ties more highly than material gain. K.S.S.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 402)

bishops saw a historical opening which was ripe for prophetic peacemaking *Commonweal* seems somewhat relieved that, for them at least, the "new moment" has succumbed to the old realpolitik.

Does this editorial ever face the basics? Consider the fundamental question: Have we grown more secure while military expenditures grew from $116 billion to $282 billion, a 69 percent increase, under President Reagan? And what of the erosion of social spending and its unconscionable impact on the poor? Must this not be figured in any discussion of a nation's security?

I believe a key reason why the editorial is unable to help extricate us from the nuclear threat is because it assumes that the Soviet Union — rather than nuclear war itself — is our greatest threat. Psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton has termed this evasion of the reality of nuclear holocaust "psychic numbing." Erich Fromm has written: "those who point to the political and psychological and moral consequences of such destruction are called 'unrealistic.'" Is it truly responsible to endorse nuclear deterrence without facing these other perspectives? And what right do we and the Soviets have, with 11 percent of the world's population, to maintain our *danse macabre*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while much of the world screams "Halt!"?

Regarding nuclear deterrence, Michael MccGwire wrote in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* (Dec. '86) that combined with Orwellian maxims like "preserving peace" and "deterring war," it "provided the intellectual and moral authority of a state religion, and the effect was just as stultifying." Today those who argue for reduced military budgets are labeled as "soft on Communism." As such, deterrence has become an often impregnable conceptual system which is based on worst-case scenarios and a rigid Soviet threat. Is peace then likely to emerge? Hardly.

While I hope many readers will formulate alternatives to deterrence theory, to do so one must discard the unexamined notion that "deterrence equals security." While one can understand such axioms being espoused by the military-industrial complex, it is startling to encounter it from a progressive Catholic bi-weekly. Have we become so conditioned to the high costs of deterrence that we are unable to envision more life-affirming alternatives? JAY ALLAIN

Cut the hand-wringing

Sante Fe, N. Mex.

To the Editors: Your announced stand on the possible admissibility of nuclear deterrence ["Is Deterrence Moral?" May 8], impartial as it was, must have sent many of your readers reeling. Please consider a few points:

There is day by day an increasing array of non-nuclear deterrents to hostile intent, utilizing violent, somewhat violent, and even peaceful methods. It behooves you to explore this new world of possibilities, since the use of nuclear force is inherently self-destructive. Escalation was not possible in 1945. It is inevitable now.

Consider the gap that must now exist between you and those of your allegiance who have gone all-out in their stand against nuclear war, to the extent of sacrificing their own futures by going to jail.

The pope calls for a "moral about-face." What does this actually mean? The new age will not accommodate the moral philosophizing of the past or even our basic language structure. There can be no "just" nuclear war because there can be no winnable nuclear war at all, as our unchurched leaders fully understand.

The church may have survived World War II and its holocausts through ambiguities and hand-wringing expressions of concern, but no longer. It will be a new church, concerned with the rights of the innocent first, the preservation of particular freedoms and institutions second.

RICHARD HAGER

Elevated mockery

Berea, Ky.

To the Editors: A state of stunned disbelief, I confess is hardly a useful prelude to rational discourse. Not useful, only inevitable. I read your editorial on nuclear deterrence ["Is Deterrence Moral?" May 8] and was felled, or nearly so.

Then, good sense intervened; a great light dawned. These Catholic editors are doing a skilled Pfeiffer *pas de deux*. They are demonstrating, serious tongue in cheek, and trembling in heart, the dead end of Weinbergian, Novakian, Lehmanian realpolitik. Their arguments take a strictly necessary form, elevated mockery to turn the mind in its dead socket. Through mouthfuls of unassimilable pentagonese, they want to show how the bishops, too, get stuck in the concrete of bunker casuistry, how the cover of "deterrence" covers (but not quite) the icy American intent of first-strike intent and weaponry. These editors . . . can shake us into a semblance of sanity.

Hence this letter, which claims, in gratitude, to have cracked your code. I venture that you are not endorsing omnicide, whether in prospect, intent, or that most brutal method of all, the deployment of first-strike arsenals and ideology. You are not helping Catholic Christians move backward, where cold war shadows grow longer. You are by no means saying that evil means justify a good end. You are not banishing a Scripture which commends loving enemies, blessing the persecutor, or giving one's life rather than taking (all or many) lives.

You do raise questions, but they are questions which you well know were answered once and for all in the fire storms of Hiroshima-Nagasaki. . . .

The editors of *Commonweal*, I remind myself, live in and around New York, which is to say, in the real world. They move among children, the aged and ill, street people; Chase Manhattan, Riverside Research, churches and hospitals and workers: "military and economic targets" in the cruel phrase. . . . The editors know that Hiroshima was (and then was not) just such a nest of diverse lives, occupations, structures; soldiers, parents, children, and the unborn.

Indeed, as I shortly came to see, your language, callous and abstract as it seemed, was a courageous attempt to deny, even while it seemed to affirm, the

CLASSIFIED

RATES: 75¢ a word, one time; 68¢, three times; 64¢, six times; Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 15 Dutch St., NYC 10038.

Priesthood

DESIRE PRIESTHOOD? Vocation certain? Call 1-800-633-2252. Father Nigro, Gonzaga University, Spokane 99258.

Book

MYSTIFIED BY DECONSTRUCTION, Structuralism, "Neo-Marxism"? William C. Dowling, JAMESON, ALTHUSSER, MARX. 46.95 + 1.00 postage, Cornell University Press, 124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N.Y. 14851-0250.

Gaelic Ghosts

STORYTELLING in Irish Castles, Hotels, Haunts; October 16-25. Celtic Halloween Celebration with Dr. Robert Wilhelm, folklorist & mythologist. Limited enrollment. Storyfest Tours, 3901 Cathedral, #608-R, Washington, DC 20016. (202) 364-6143 Collect.

Position Wanted

Spiritual director/counselor, stress management consultant, innovative inspiring teacher, broad vocabulary, spiritual/worldly achievement seeks related position. Excellent professional references. Michael Bolents, M.Ed., 1620 W. Sage, Tucson, AZ 85704.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lethal jargon of legitimated mass murder. Even in intent. In possession. In deployment.

Given the above (my grasping your admirable fiction), and having cleared the ground by a stroke of literary skill, now give us the real editorial. Next issue, stun us with a flash of scriptural truth. Say things liberating, outrageous, provocative. Like: Christians are not allowed to kill or to be complicit in killing. Help us to a clarity that will be an immense political gift in a lousy time. Help us to a clear "no" in place of a crepuscular "maybe." Refer to Hunthausen, Gumbleton, Day, or Merton. Make mention, even in passing, of the Christian prisoners known as the Plowshares. Invoke the peaceable scriptural thunderbolts of John McKenzie.

Many of us thank you for a splendid, even searing tour de force. Now, we await the real editorial.

DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

Dissent & truth

Center Valley, Pa.

To the Editors: It seems to me that the editorial dissent by Patrick Jordan [May 22] manifests the strength and flexibility of *Commonweal* and its editors. To welcome diversity, invite criticism, serves to liberate truth and reflect even deeper clarities and awareness. Thank you for your work.

JOE GOSSÉ

Time to renounce

Hollis, N.Y.

To the Editors: In your November 7, 1986 editorial commenting on the unsuccessful Reykjavik meeting, you wrote: "It is this step-by-step approach to disarmament, recommended in both the Methodist and U.S. Catholic letters that took an unprecedented and symbolically positive stride forward, if but briefly, at Reykjavik." But in your May 8, 1987 editorial you write: "The logical conclusion of an anti-deterrent posture is unilateral nuclear disarmament." It seems to me that you have shifted your position on disarmament very significantly and are placing much too much reliance on deterrence.

You apparently hold that, despite the technical difficulties posed by the uncontrollability of the damage and carnage that can be caused by the use of nuclear weapons, some way can be found to use this very uncontrollability to render them comparatively harmless. The assumption is that though this way is as yet unspecified, when or if it becomes specific it will be moral because "The Challenge of Peace" has reaffirmed the just war doctrine. This circular argument was expressed more elaborately in your editorial but I don't think that I have summarized it unfairly.

You buttress your position by raising the synthetic issue of unilateral disarmament. The raising of the issue seems to have been occasioned by Michael Gallagher's vehement, simplistic attack on the bishops' peace pastoral and the subsequent support for this attack articulated in your April 24 "Correspondence" pages. An analysis of his "Sidestepping the Challenge of Peace?" [January 19] and your May 8 editorial leaves the reader who is undecided about the use of nuclear weapons with the distinct impression that there are only two ways of resolving the problem. Either renounce all recourse to deterrence if one does not wish to acquiesce in a monstrous bloodlust and endorse complicity with the world, the flesh, and the devil; or embrace an indefinite extension of deterrence if one would preserve our "freedoms and institutions of enormous significance" and escape "instabilities making nuclear war more . . . likely."

It is regrettable that *Commonweal* has to be critieized for contributing to such a polarity in the church and the nation.

ROLAND LAIRD

REVIEWERS

DENNIS O'BRIEN *is the president of the University of Rochester. His books include* Hegel on Reason and History *and, most recently,* God and the New Haven Railroad *(Beacon).*

JO-ANN MORT *is a poet and writer living in New York City.*

EDWARD DOHERTY *is a retired diplomat who assisted in the drafting of the pastoral letter, "The Challenge of Peace."*

MICHAEL ZEIK *teaches in the history department of Marymount College, Tarrytown.*

CALVERT SOCIAL INVESTMENT FUND

For People Who Care How, As Well As How Much.

Calvert Group

Values are behind every decision you make. That includes the decisions you make for your investments. Have you thought about what your dollars are supporting and what you can do to keep them consistent with your beliefs?

Calvert Social Investment Fund lets you reflect your values in your investment portfolio. The Fund actively seeks to invest in companies which it believes contribute to a healthy, peaceful, productive world, while avoiding companies that do business in or with South Africa or that produce nuclear power or weapons systems.

Don't leave your values and investments in conflict any longer. Write or call for a free prospectus. *Be sure to read it carefully before you invest.*

Michael P. McGillicuddy
Prescott, Ball & Turben, Inc.
230 W. Monroe, #2800
Chicago, IL. 60606
(312) 641-7810/(800) 621-6637

Distributor: Calvert Securities Corporation, Bethesda, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for All Seasons

AMERICAN CATHOLIC RELIGIOUS THOUGHT, *edited by Patrick Carey.* An introduction to the religious and social thought of American Catholics from John Carroll to John Courtney Murray.
Paper $10.95

ANSWERING FOR FAITH, Christ and the Human Search for Salvation, *Richard Viladesau.* A foundational theology that explores the grounds for affirming a divine revelation in the history of religions, reaching its culmination in Christ.
Paper $12.95

THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS OF INITIATION, Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, *Kenan Osborne, O.F.M.* A contemporary theology of these three sacraments, surveying their historical development, their theology today, and liturgical and pastoral implications. Paper $10.95

COMFORTABLE COMPASSION, Poverty, Power, and the Church, *Charles Elliott.* Proposes that a theology and spirituality of power will help Christians develop a constant commitment to the global problem of the poor and oppressed. Paper $7.95

FIVE LOAVES AND TWO FISHES, New Life Through Inner Healing, *Phoebe Cranor.* Shows how the painful areas of our lives can be offered to Jesus and turned into blessings for ourselves and for others.
Paper $4.95

CHARLES HODGE: The Way of Life and Selected Writings, *edited by Mark A. Noll.* A new edition of *THE WAY OF LIFE* and excerpts from other writings by this 19th century leader of Presbyterian theological education. Cloth $14.95

I AM AWAKE:, Discovering Prayer: A Guide to the Contemplative Life, *Stephen J. Rossetti.* Blends the insights of psychology with those of Western and Eastern spiritualities to develop a contemporary ecumenical understanding of the contemplative journey. Paper $3.95

AN INTRODUCTION TO BIOETHICS, New Revised Edition (1987), *Thomas A. Shannon.* Completely revised and updated edition of a bestseller that takes into account the latest research in the field. Paper $5.95

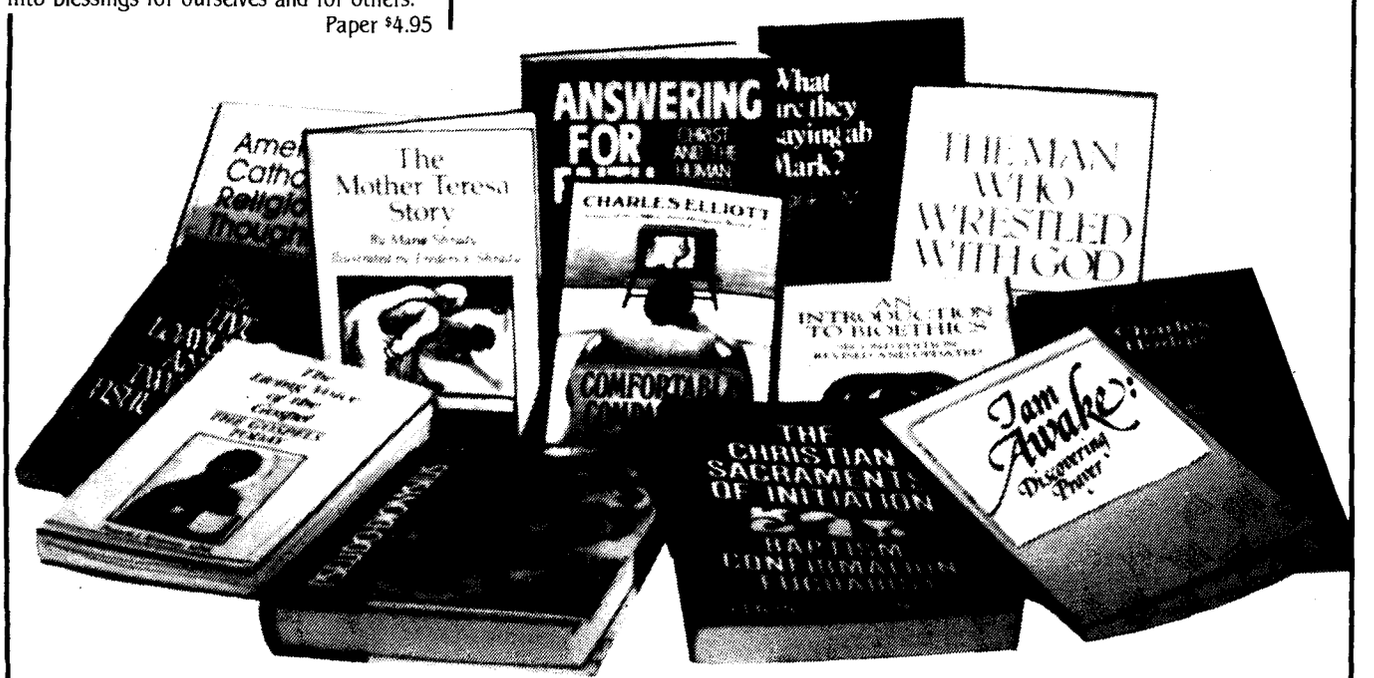
THE LIVING VOICE OF THE GOSPEL, The Gospels Today, *Francis J. Moloney, S.D.B.* An up-to-date, carefully researched, yet popular presentation of the rich theological message of the four Gospels. Paper $8.95

THE MAN WHO WRESTLED WITH GOD, Light from the Old Testament on the Psychology of Individuation, *John A. Sanford.* A retelling of four Old Testament stories from a psychological perspective to help contemporary readers become whole and conscious persons. Paper $7.95

THE MOTHER TERESA STORY, *Maria Shrady, Illustrated by Frederick Shrady.* A richly illustrated biography for older children that reveals the deep spirituality of this remarkable Christian woman.
Paper $3.95

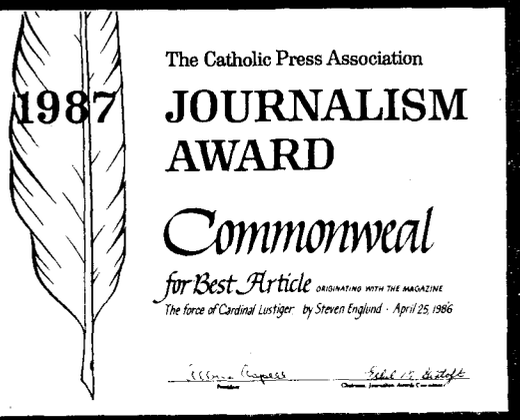
PSEUDO DIONYSIUS: THE COMPLETE WORKS, *translation by Colm Luibheid, foreword, notes, collaboration in translation, and bibliography by Paul Rorem, preface by Rene Roques, introductions by Jaroslav Pelikan, Jean Leclercq, Karlfried Froehlich.* The complete works of the enigmatic fifth or sixth-century writer known as the Pseudo-Dionysius, prepared by a team of six research scholars.
Cloth $15.95; Paper $12.95

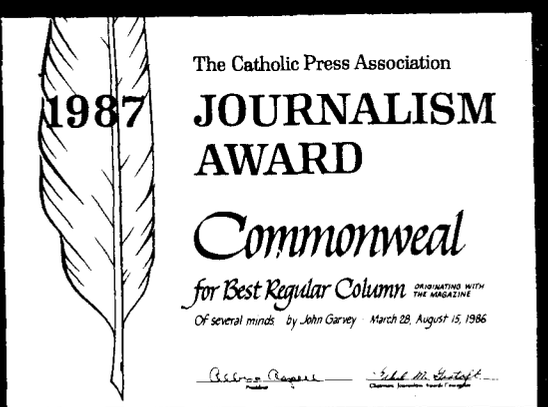
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING ABOUT MARK?, Frank J. Matera. Survey of current research into the leading problems in the interpretation of Mark's Gospel today. Paper $4.95



PAULIST PRESS
997 Macarthur Blvd., Mahwah, N.J. 07430
1-201-825-7300

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


1987
The Catholic Press Association
JOURNALISM AWARD
Commonweal
for Best Article ORIGINATING WITH THE MAGAZINE
The force of Cardinal Lustiger by Steven Englund · April 25, 1986


1987
The Catholic Press Association
JOURNALISM AWARD
Commonweal
for Best Regular Column ORIGINATING WITH THE MAGAZINE
Of several minds by John Garvey March 28, August 15, 1986

Prizes to Share

EVERY YEAR, *Commonweal* is awarded prizes for its breadth and quality. This year alone, the magazine was cited seven times by the Catholic Press Association for general excellence, editorial writing, review sections, poetry, and treatment of human rights; and for the best article (Steven Englund) and the best regular column (John Garvey).

And this year as well, *Commonweal* publisher Edward S. Skillin was awarded the C.P.A.'s highest honor: the 1987 St. Francis De Sales Award for his "outstanding contributions to Catholic journalism." Come, see why. And come, join the celebration!

You'll be sharing in the awards, and the rewards, all year long.

COMMONWEAL

15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038

Trial subscription offer: 11 issues for $9

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ **I prefer a full year's subscription at $28.**

7/17/87

GOLI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED